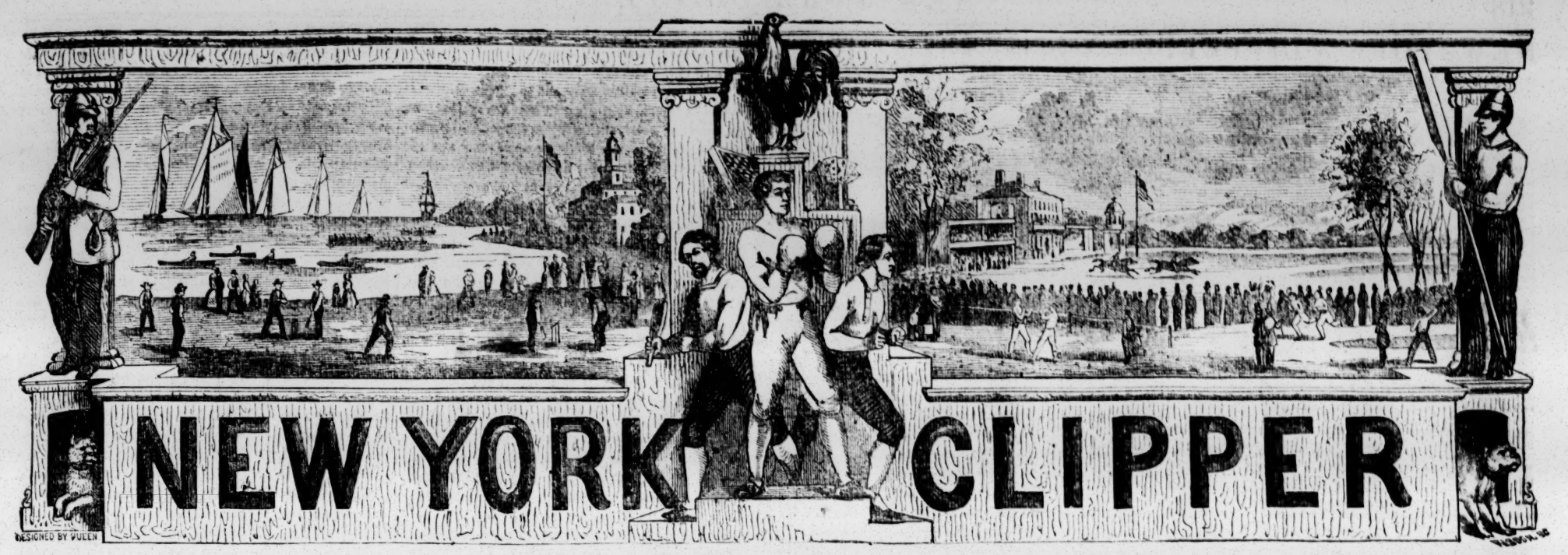


Vol. V.—No. 28. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1857. Four Cents.

THE SPORTING DEACON'S SHOOTING EXPLOIT.

Extraordinary Slaughter of Pigeons.

A TRUE STORY.

SEVERAL years ago, when the crops in some of the Western States were about to be destroyed by the large number of wild pigeons that came about, Deacon Thorpe and several of his friends were sitting outside the log meeting-house one Sunday morning, waiting for the minister to arrive, and, as a matter of course, talking about the prospect of having "nothing to feed on" through the coming winter.

"It's orful!" said one of the company. "I never see the pigeons so thick afore. My Bill and Ben went down to the roost last night, and killed a bagful with clubs. I think they'll take all my corn."

"Oh, yes, it's orful!" replied the others.

"That's nothing to what me and my Felix Joshua did, day before yesterday," said the deacon, "you know my bottom field there? Well, they come in so thick you couldn't see the ground. I went down to scare 'em out, and peradventure they riz up like a cloud, you couldn't see the sky for 'em. I hollered and clapped my hands, and tore around till I was plum worried out, but it did no good. They just swarmed around over my head; and as fast I went to one side of the field they began to pour down on tother. Felix Joshua had just got up to the crib with a load of corn, for he was a gatherin' the ridge field, and I went to where he was and told him to go to the house and get his shot gun and my shot gun, and we goes down. He slipt along on one side of the field, and I slipt along on tother, till we got about middleways, and then I gin a holler, and up they flew like a whirlagust. I blazed away in the thickest of 'em, and what do you think? They were all gone in a second. Then me and Felix Joshua, we clem over the fence, and says he to me, 'father, this beats all creation!' Says I to him, 'go fetch the steers and wagon,' and upon my word and honor we picked up *ten bushels!*"

The good brothers stared wildly around him, and probably would have accused their deacon of lying had they not been interrupted by the arrival of the preacher, and the announcement that "meetin' was a goin to begin."

After the services were over, little groups of the faithful might have been seen here and there, engaged in earnest conversation. Their subject was an exciting one, as you may have inferred from the length of their faces and the earnestness of their gestures. If you had listened to their conversation, you might have heard something about as follows:

"Did you hear what Brother Thorpe said 'bout him and his Felix Joshua killin' ten bushels of pigeons at one shot?"

"Yes, it's orful, ain't it!"

"It's a lie as sure as shootin'. I don't know what's got into Brother Thorpe."

"What'll be done about it? It mustn't go so—it'll ruin the name of the church."

"We'd better fetch it up next meetin', and make him take it back, or church him."

And so it would go on. Of course the good deacon heard whispers of it, which gave him no little uneasiness. However, he had been into several scrapes before, and had come out clear, and he doubted not he should come out clear on this occasion. Until the meeting day arrived the entire settlement was in an uproar. Nothing was talked off but Deacon Thorpe's ten bushels of pigeons. The good brothers said that it was too bad to have the church disgraced by a deacon who told such unreasonable tales, while the sisters wiped their spectacles, sighed, and said: "it is hard telling the power which the evil one exerteth."

At last the exciting day arrived. The preacher stated that the church was ready for the transaction of business, whereupon Brother Fingle arose and said:

"Brother Deacon Thorpe says him and his Felix Joshua killed ten bushels of pigeons at one shot. The church don't believe it, and would love to hear what the brother has to say for himself."

With much solemnity the deacon arose, and after casting a serious look over the congregation, and elevating his eyes to the rafters a few times, said:

"Brethren, there is a sad mistake out—I didn't say we killed ten bushels at one shot, but—"

"What did you say?" interrupted one of the brothers, who was present when the deacon first told about his pigeons. "Didn't you say you and Felix Joshua both blazed away?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you say you both clem over the fence?"

"Yes, peradventure."

"Didn't you say that Felix Joshua said, father this beats all creation?"

"I did, brother."

"Didn't you say that Felix Joshua fetched the steers and wagon, and you picked up ten bushels of pigeons?"

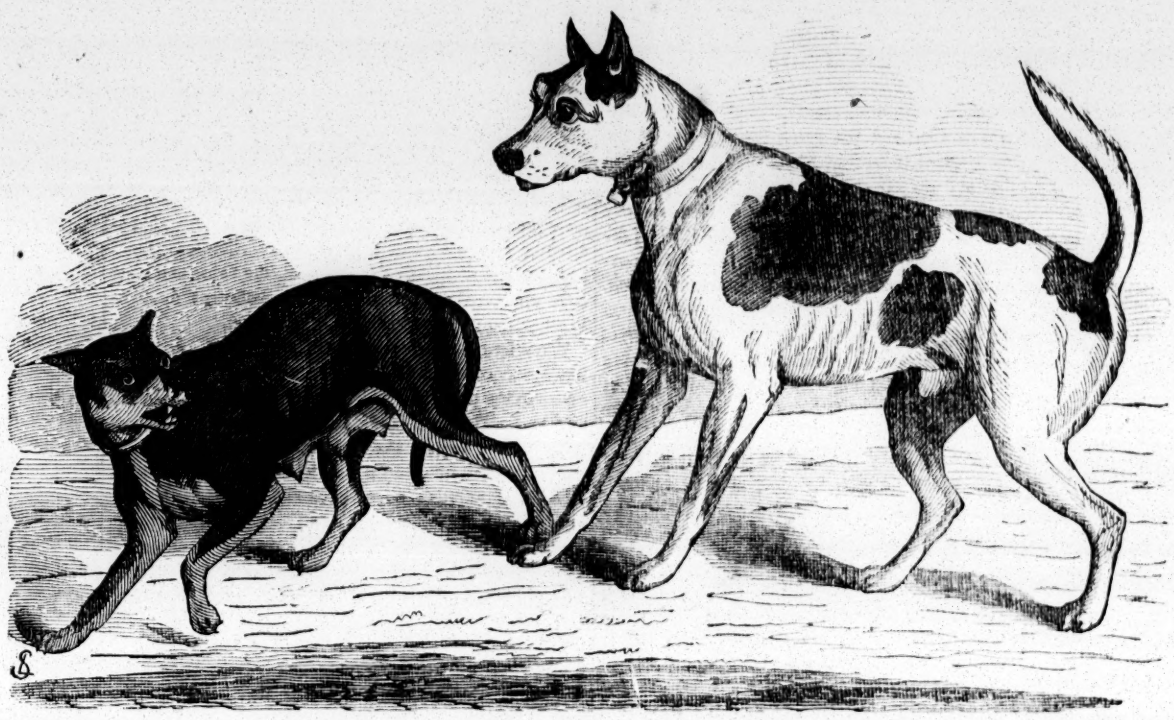
"There is the mistake, my brother," replied the deacon, again raising his eyes towards the rafters. "I didn't say we picked up ten bushels of pigeons. Brother Fingle is mistaken; I said—"

"Yes, I know what you said!" interrupted several; "you did say it, and we can prove it easily enough! You can't come that game over us, old hoss-fly."

"Order, brethren," said the minister; "let's hear Brother Thorpe's story, and then you can make any remarks you may wish."

"Well, as I was sayin'," resumed the deacon, "I didn't say we picked up ten bushels of pigeons—Brother Fingle is mistaken—I said we picked up ten bushels of corn that the pigeons had shattered off."

"Amen," went up from the congregation, and a rush was made at Deacon Thorpe to shake him by the hand. It is needless to say that he was restored to good fellowship and confidence.



TERRIER BITCH AND HALF-BRED DOG.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

IN the beginning of 1815, a circumstance took place that excited much interest in Paris. A surgeon in the army, named Dauton, was arrested at a gambling house, in the Palais Royal, on the testimony of a scar on his wrist. Some time previous the officers of the night had found, while passing rounds in different parts of the city, four parcels tied up. One contained the head, another the trunk, a third the thighs, and the fourth the legs and arms of a man. In the teeth, tightly compressed, was a piece of human flesh, apparently torn out in the dying struggle. The parts were collected, and put together in their regular order, and exhibited for a number of days at the Morgue. The mystery which involved this dark transaction excited quite an interest, and numbers went to behold the corpse. The general and only conviction was, that he must have been murdered: but for a number of weeks no clue was obtained to elicit information on the subject. When it became improper to keep the body longer above ground, a cast in plaster was taken, fully representing the murdered victim, and this remained a much longer time for the public to see.

At length Dauton happened to be engaged in gambling at the Palais Royal; he played high and lost; calling for liquor to drink, and angry because the waiter was somewhat tardy, when he came with it, Dauton emptied the glass and threw it at the waiter. It was shivered into a thousand pieces, and a fragment was carried into Dauton's wrist under the cuff of his coat. The spectators gathered around, and learning the accident wished to see the gash; he drew down his sleeve, and firmly pressed it round his wrist; they insisted on seeing it; he obstinately refused. By this course, the bystanders were at length led to suppose that something mysterious was involved in this conduct, and they determined at all events to see his wrist. By force they pushed up his sleeve, and a scar recently healed, as if made by tearing out a piece of flesh, appeared. The landlord had been at the Morgue, had seen the murdered man with the flesh between his teeth, and it struck him in a moment that the flesh was torn from this man's wrist. Charging them to keep him safe, he hastened to call in the legal authorities and arrested him.

In the event, Dauton confessed that being quartered at Sedan, and out of money, he came to Paris to try some adventure. Knowing that his brother had a large sum by him, directly on his arrival, he went to his lodgings in a retired part of the city, about eight in the evening. He entered the house unnoticed by the porter, and passing to his apartment, found his brother asleep. He immediately commenced his work of death; his brother waking up, defended himself, but in addition to the surprise and horror of the moment, being in a feeble state of health, all the desperation of his struggle was overpowered. In the scuffle he tore out the flesh. Being killed, the surgeon cut up his body, and tied it up in four parcels as before mentioned, secured the money and retired.

He also confessed that eleven months previous he had murdered an aunt, who was living with a second husband, to obtain money. Her husband was arrested and imprisoned for a number of months, but as nothing appeared to criminate him, he had been discharged. The writer saw the unhappy fatricide on his way from prison to the place of execution.

A MAGPIE IN CHURCH.

SURELY certainly was the case when Jack, a magpie, well known in the villiage of ——, in the county of Kent, for his mischevious propensities, entered the villiage church in the afternoon of Sunday, July 25, 1852, during the time of divine service. Our friend hopped quietly in at the open door, and, for a time, surveyed the congregation, recognising many a friend who was wont to greet him with words of kindness and familiarity; but upon this occasion, Jack was surprised that no notice was taken of him. At last he seemed determined that he would not be thus overlooked, and down the middle aisle he marched knocking at the door of each pew and announcing his arrival to the inmates with a clear loud "Here am I." This move had the desired effect; for, in a few moments, every eye was turned upon our hero. The worthy parson, finding himself in a decided minority, and perceiving broad grins coming over the before solemn faces of his flock, at once stopped the service, and desired the clerk to eject the intruder. But the order was more easily given than executed. Jack was determined not to leave, and so, finding himself pursued, took refuge in a forest of legs belonging to his young friends, the school children who did not appear at all unwilling to afford him shelter. The clerk rushed on, intent upon catching the enemy, and putting an end to this unorthodox proceeding, and over, first a bench, and then a child, he stumbled, in his attempts to pounce upon the fugitive, who easily evaded his grasp, and always appeared just where the clerk was not, informing him ever and anon of his whereabout by the old cry, "Here am I." At last, with the help of two or three of the congregation who had joined in the pursuit, a capture was effected, and Jack was ignominiously turned out and the door closed upon him. After the lapse of a few minutes, order and solemnity were restored in the church, and the prayers were recommenced and ended without further disturbance. The parson in due time, ascended to the pulpit. He gave out his text, and commenced a discourse calculated to be of much benefit to his hearers, but he had not proceeded far when he was interrupted by a loud noise, accompanied by rapping at the little window at the back of the pulpit. Turning round to ascertain the cause, he beheld our friend Jack pecking at the window, flapping its wings against it, and screaming at the top of its voice, "Here am I—Here am I,"—a fact which no one could gainsay or resist laughing at. The worthy parson, finding his own gravity and that of his congregation so entirely upset by what had occurred, brought his sermon to a speedy conclusion, and dismissed the congregation. Sentence of death was recorded against the offender; but, upon the petition of a number of parishioners, it was commuted to transportation for life from the precints of the church.—[*Frazer's Magazine.* for Sept.

TO THE SUSPENSHIN BRIDGE, NIAGARY RIVER.

Anormous structur! Whaur, Ide like to know,
Did the constructurs stand as built this rode
Rite throo the air? Say, gentle mews,
Wot had they to hold on to? But alass!
The mews ses nuthin. O! Jerusalum,
Wot boyed em up? Imadjinashn, flored,
Kant get the hang of it!
I bev it now.
They did it in balloons!

DELIGHT OF FOX HUNTING.—On the last day of the season, and during a sharp run of three hours, Mr. ——, one of the boldest of bold hunters, on clearing a small fence, found himself at the bottom of a sandpit nearly twenty feet deep, and whilst crawling into a small excavation to prevent further danger, down came Lord —— nearly upon him, and who exclaimed, "Damn it, Jack, why didn't you sing out?" "Hush!" replied Jack, "if you will but be quite for five minutes, they will all be down on us."

SINGULAR FREAKS OF NATURE.

HEREDITARY FORMATION.

THERE is said to be a family in Woolwich, Eng., consisting of an old woman, her son, and his wife and children. The old woman says that her father, her grandmother, and her great-grandmother, were all born with an extra finger on each hand, and extra toe on each foot; but she cannot say whether any other members of the family in those generations present'd similar peculiarities. All her brothers and sisters, with the exception of one sister, had the same additional members. Hunter himself was born with them; all his daughters, three in number, have them; the boys have not. Of his relations, one brother is similarly formed; one brother has only six toes, his fingers being normal in number; and another brother, and all his sisters, with their children, present no peculiarity at all. Some of the children, boys and girls, of the second brother, resemble their father in this respect, and some do not. Through six generations, and possibly through many more, has this redundancy of parts been presented, and it appears that there is a disposition for it to appear in alternating sexes. From the cicatrices where the extra fingers have been removed, and from the fingers themselves where they still remain, it seems that they are mere adjuncts, devoid of bony or articular connection; but the toes are articulated.

In connection with the above, we may relate a still more singular freak of nature, which has come under our own personal observation, and which has puzzled the brains of many scientific men. In the town of Coxsackie, Greene county, in this State, live, and have lived for a number of years, a very respectable colored couple, who have been blessed with six children, every other one of whom are Albinos, being perfectly white, with white hair and pink eyes. Three of the children are boys, and three girls, the girls being all like their parents, more than usually dark-skinned. The three boys, the oldest of whom is now about fifteen years of age, have all the features and peculiarities of the negro race, but, as before stated, are perfectly white. The name of this curious family is Van Allen, and persons curious as to the authenticity of this statement may satisfy themselves of its truth by calling upon them.

THE NAPIER LEMON FEAT.

WE give an anecdote illustrative of the unparalleled dexterity of the Indians with the sword as well as of Napier's simplicity of character. After the Indian battles, on one occasion, a famous juggler visited the camp and performed his feats before the general, his family, and staff. Among his performances, this man cut in two, with a stroke of the sword, a lime or lemon placed in the hand of the assistant.

Napier thought there was some collusion between the juggler and his assistant. To divide, by a sweep of the sword, on a man's hand, so small an object without touching the flesh, he believed to be impossible, though a similar incident is related by Scott, in his romance of the "Talisman."

To determine the point, the general offered his own hand for the experiment, and he held out his right arm. The juggler looked attentively at the hand, and said he would not make the trial.

"I thought I would find you out!" exclaimed Napier.

"But stop," said the other, "let me see your left hand."

The left hand was submitted, and the man then said, firmly, "If you will hold your arm steady, I will perform the feat."

"But why the left hand, and not the right?"

"Because the right hand is hollow in the centre, and there is a risk of cutting off the thumb; the left is high, and the danger will be less."

Napier was startled.

"I got frightened," he said; "I saw it was an actual feat of swordsmanship, and if I had not abused the man as I did before my staff, and challenged him to the trial, I honestly acknowledge I would have retired from the encounter. However, I put the lime on my hand, and set out my arm steadily. The juggler balanced himself, and, with a swift stroke, cut the lime in two pieces. I felt the edge of the sword on my hand, as if a cold thread had been drawn across it; and so much," he added, "for the swordsmen of India, whom our fine fellows defeated at Meeanee."

This anecdote is certainly a proof of the sincerity of a honest mind, ready to ackdowledge error, and of bravery and calmness in expiating that error.

A SLY DIG

JUDGE TURNER, a Vermont lawyer, who deceased a few years ago at an advanced age, was as famous for his wit and readiness at repartee, as he was for a penmanship considerably less legible than that of a distinguished Boston barrister. It happened, at a term of the Franklin County Court, that Turner, then a practicing attorney, had a case on the docket of some legal abstruseness, but of no great pecuniary importance. "Why," said the presiding Judge, who wished to get rid of the case, "why don't you refer this matter to arbitrators? Why not leave it out to a couple of honest neighbors?" "Because, your honor," returned Turner, "we don't wish to trouble *honest men* with it."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1857.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MATCH BOWLER, Philadelphia.—It appears that the cricket club to which this correspondent belongs, invest their ground committee with powers extraordinary, such as selecting the bowlers, three in number, &c., who shall bowl in all matches, to the exclusion of other members, throughout the season. In a stated match, however, we are given to understand that the person who had been chosen Captain for the day broke this law by putting on one bowler, other than those nominated. On being remonstrated with, he insisted upon, and carried his point. We are asked to decide if the Captain had a right to assume such authority? As it was a law of the club, we consider that he had no right; still, we wonder at his accepting the office with such a ridiculous law hanging over him. The idea of being compelled to keep a bowler on when there are others who might be better or more effective, at any rate less fatigued, perhaps, is so inconsistent with anything cricket-like, that we advise the members to repeal such a law at once.

QUERY, Philad'a —"1. Is a 'brass back' game cock considered inferior, generally speaking, to red or black colored cocks? 2. Are white feathers in game fowls any proof of an inferior or mixed breed? 3. On many or nearly all chickens there is a white horny substance on the end of the tongue. Ought it to be taken off, and is it any sign of the 'pip?'" Your questions will, doubtless, receive attention at the hands of some of our friends who devote their time to the breeding and care of game fowls.

W. M., Boston.—"Please to answer the following to decide a bet:—Was the 'result' of the great match race of one mile between 'Saunterer' and 'Babylon' known here previous to Sunday, the 25th?" The fact that Babylon had forfeited in the match was announced in the London papers of the 12th, which were brought by the Baltic, which arrived here on Sunday, 25th. It is not probable, therefore, that the result could have been known in Boston *previous* to Sunday, the 26th.

SWIFT.—1. Morrissey fought two prize battle, one in California, with Thompson; the other at Boston Corners, with Sullivan. He was declared the victor in both. 2. The great fire by which so many buildings were destroyed in Pearl, Front, Water, and other streets adjacent, broke out on the 16th of December, 1835. Is this the fire to which you allude?

YOUNG DUTCH SAM.—We last week published a challenge purporting to have been written by Young Dutch Sam, in Philadelphia. As the relatives of the real Sam have not heard from him for several months, they would like to ascertain if the party who challenged to fight in our last is the original Sam, or not. If yes, let him drop a line to us, in his own hand writing. If not, let him hold his peace.

MIDWAY, Cleveland —"Please decide a bet by stating whether Owen Swift defeated Izzy Lazarus in less time than he did Anthony Noon—give number of rounds and time." Swift defeated Noon in 73 rounds, occupying two hours and six minutes; he defeated Lazarus in 118 rounds, occupying two hours and fifteen minutes.

READER, Easton, Pa —Jackson, the American Deer, was born in England and is now 36 years of age; he is not in this country, but we understand that a pedestrian is travelling about under the assumed name of "Jackson, the American Deer." The real Jackson ran more than eleven miles in one hour.

JACK CADE, West Philadelphia —The arrangements have not yet been made, but if you come this way, stop in at our office, and we will post you—if you go from your city direct to Buffalo, you may gather the information by applying at any of the sporting houses in that city.

PIGEON FEATHER, Reading.—Reluctantly we omit part of your interesting communication, for our American mare Prioress has been achieving such a splendid triumph, that we must have our say upon the subject, and hurrah as loud as we can while we have the opportunity. We have stood defeat long enough.

FAIR PLAY, Buffalo.—We are so crowded this week that we have been compelled to omit your communication. The statements made in your letter, however, you will find embodied in others we publish, the writers of which have affixed their proper signatures thereto.

T. N FREEMAN, Claremont, N H —1. Have sent the missing number. 2. Lancet beat Flora Temple, at Hartford, Conn, on the 10th inst., on a half mile track, Lancet under saddle, Flora to harness. The best time made in the match was by LANCET, 2:25.

JAMES F QUIN.—This correspondent wishes to know how much room is necessary to keep 300 fowls, and what is the greatest number of eggs a hen has been known to lay in one year. Probably our friend White Hackle, or others can give him a few hints on the subject.

D. P. CHAMPLIN, Detroit —Such a novel challenge as you have sent for publication, should be backed up by a small deposit as an evidence of business. Send along a forfeit, and we have no doubt the challenge will meet with early attention.

THIRD AVENUE —There were four candidates for Mayor of New York, in 1854 viz.: Wood, Barker, Herrick and Hunt. The vote stood as follows: Wood, 20,005; Barker, 18,047; Herrick, 5,696; Hunt, 15,397.

SUBSCRIBER, Pittsburgh.—We should have given your letter had you affixed your name thereto—as it is, we have alluded to the matter, as you will perceive by referring to the department on sparring.

HORACE GREELY THE THIRD, Nashua, N. H —1. Harry Lazarus is about 5 feet 2 inches in height. 2. The pacing mare Pocahontas was in Massachusetts at last accounts.

J. W., Buffalo.—"Having made a bet on the expected renewal of the battle between Horrigan and Lazarus, on the 13th, how are the bets decided?" They are off.

GEO. ROBINSON, Cambridge —ALL FOURS —If Jack is turned up, it counts to the dealer—if taken in play, it is scored by the one winning it.

R. R. S., Beloit, Wisconsin.—The difficulty concerning the recent match between Caunt and Langham had not been settled at last advices. See sports abroad.

RICHARD HENDLEY, Philad'a —EUCHRE —"A and B are partners, against C and D—supposing it is B's deal, can A order the trump card up, and play alone?" Yes.

T. B, Providence —The fight between Roome's dog Billy, and Harlem Billy, took place in this city in January last, the Harlem dog losing at the end of two hours and a quarter.

S. T.—"1. What is the distance run in the race for the Cæsarewitch stakes? 2. Is Lexington in England?" 1. Two miles, two furlongs, and twenty-eight yards. 2. No.

JUVENILE READERS.—We have no knowledge of Izzy Lazarus ever setting to in Mager's Hall, 101 Elizabeth street. Perhaps Mr. Lazarus will answer you more definitely.

PAUL PRY, Boston.—We thank you for the confidence reposed in us, but we beg leave respectfully to decline investing your money on the races in question.

GEORGE, Philad'a —We know nothing upon the subject, personally, but have no doubt it is a catch-penny affair. Save your money.

WM WARD, Pittsburgh —Tom Sayers' weight, when he fought and defeated the Tipton Slasher, was between 150 and 160 lbs.

CRICKETER —Mr Libywhite has elastic belts, but we cannot say of whose manufacture they are. Price, $1.50, we believe.

WM S, Fall River —Ethan Allen beat Hiram Drew on both occasions—the best time made was 2:32½.

FALSTAFF, Newark —Queen Victoria was married on the 10th of February, 1840.

AMATEUR —According to the rules of betting, the wager holds good, even though one of the field, as stated, did not start.

EAGLE NIPPER, Reading —We have not received the "24-pounder," nor the less pretending "fledgling."

WAGER, St. Louis —Mr Burton did not build a new theatre on Broadway, but purchased one formerly occupied by Miss Laura Keene.

PATRIOT, West Cambridge —Jack Randall was born in England, of Irish parents.

ADRIATIC —"Which made the quickest time in trotting twenty miles in one hour, Trustee, or Lady Fulton?" Trustee.

OLD SPORT, New Orleans —We hope you may speedily come across that little fortune. Let us have the log, "as you sail, as you sail."

E. S., Delaware City —Of the four quarters of the globe Asia is the most densely populated.

J. W.—We had already published a report of the rifle shooting when your's was received.

J. C and D. A., Louisville —"Please state the lengths of the different race tracks on Long Island." They are all alike, one mile each.

W. GIBBONS —Prince's time in going the ten miles was twenty-eight minutes, eight and a half seconds.

CUTLER, Poughkeepsie —The battle between Yankee Sullivan and Bob Caunt lasted 12 minutes.

JAMES BALLARD, Boston —BUFFY —Three of equal value beat two pair, no matter how high the latter may be.

PINK EYE, Mobile.—Deaf Burke died on the 8th of January, 1845, in England.

TRYON, Cincinnati.—The present population of Dubuque is estimated at 16 000.

VERITAS, Baltimore.—Thank you—will add the feat to our time table.

J., Lewiston —Lady Suffolk died on the 8th of March, 1855.

J. M M. Sheffield, Mass.—Send the bill—we'll risk it.

A. S F., Boston.—In our next, without fail.

TILA FUGIT —If we can ascertain, we will inform you next week.

WM. LANGHAM, Decatur, Il.—We really cannot advise you.

OUR PICTORIAL.—We are now preparing matter for our forthcoming Pictorial. If any of our readers have records of extraordinary events, in fast time, novel feats, &c., &c, they will greatly oblige us by forwarding a copy of the same, well authenticated, that the same may be incorporated in our "Time Table."

BILLIARD MATCH —CHALLENGE —*Barney Crystal to L. Higham, (The "Albany Pony")*—To L. HIGHAM, Esq —*Dear Sir:* Seeing by a recently published challenge of your's, that you are anxious to play a Billiard-Match for "a basket or two of wine;" and although I by no means rate myself equal to the gentleman you therein took it upon yourself to challenge; yet I have sufficient confidence in my ability to think I can beat you none the less, although you vaunt yourself a veteran of the cue, while I am only one of the rising generation.

The terms I propose, are these: To play you, either around the table or carom game on your own tables, for wine, for the company, one night; and to repeat the trial and bet on Mr. Phelan's Tables, in Lamberton's Rooms, Montague Hall, Brooklyn, on such other night as shall be mutually agreed upon. Yours, BARNEY CRYSTAL.

PAID FORFEIT.—Mr. Ten Broeck paid forfeit in the match between Babylon and Saunterer.

THE AMERICAN HORSES TRIUMPHANT ON THE BRITISH TURF.

Glorious Victory of Prioress

IN THE CÆSAREWITCH STAKES AT NEWMARKET,

DEFEATING 33 COMPETITORS.

ORIGIN OF THE CÆSAREWITCH.

NAMES OF THE WINNERS, AND VALUE OF STAKES, SINCE ITS ESTABLISHMENT.

Mr. Ten Broeck Winner, Probably, of Half a Million of Dollars.

FORDHAM, THE RIDER OF PRIORESS.

By the Baltic steamer, which arrived in New York on Sunday afternoon last, we received our files of English newspapers up to the 14th inst., the day on which she sailed from Liverpool. From them we learn the pleasing intelligence that one of the race horses which Mr. Ten Broeck took over to England to represent the American Turf, and on their own soil contest with English thoroughbreds for the supremacy of the Turf, *has proved the victor in the greatest handicap race in the Kingdom, after the finest struggle ever witnessed on any Course in the World!* We are proud to be able to record that PRIORESS has won the Cæsarewitch Stakes at Newmarket, beating 33 competitors, and nobly retrieving the laurels which her previous running there, along with that of her stable companions, *Pryor*, *Lecomte* and *Babylon*, had, it was thought, irrecoverably, lost. The race is stated to have been one of the finest on record, and our readers may form some idea of the thrilling excitement which pervaded the assembled thousands, that witnessed it, when we state that 34 horses started for the prize, and so closely was it contested at the finish, that the Judge pronounced it a *dead heat between three*, Prioress, El Hakim, and Queen Bess. The betting against Prioress, previous to the race, was *one hundred to one!* but, after the dead heat, when the betting men had witnessed the game performance of the previously despised American mare, it was only two to one against her winning, as they remembered the well-known endurance of our horses, as evinced in their ability to run heats of four miles in quick succession. We take especial credit to ourselves for the course we have pursued in reference to the American Horses in England, and Mr. Ten Broeck's spirited speculation in taking them there. Previous to the Goodwood Cup, when some of our contemporaries were anticipating their success in that race, loudly proclaiming that "it was all over but shouting," and strongly advising their friends and the public to "put on the pile" and back Prior and Prioress for no end of "almighty dollars," we earnestly advised our readers *not to be led away* by such claptrap counsel, but patiently "bide their time," and see what effect a long sea voyage, change of air, climate, and diet, would have upon their constitutions. With every confidence in the integrity and honor of Mr. Ten Broeck, yet knowing that in the Race for the Goodwood Cup, our horses would encounter some of the best and fleetest of English and French Racers, trained on the same soil, and ridden by the most experienced jockeys in the world, we felt justified in counselling our readers and the public to wait and see how our horses performed on the (to them) strange course, before recklessly investing their money on the American representatives. The result proved the wisdom and prudence of our counsel, and we had the satisfaction of knowing that we had prevented the money of our friends being hopelessly lost. But we have never lost our confidence in the capabilities and merits of our horses, and here we might mention that in an editorial in the CLIPPER of October 3d, in alluding to the coming race for the Cæsarewitch, we said "we shall keep an eye on the movements of Mr. Ten Broeck for this race," for we felt satisfied that he *would win that contest*, or take leave of the British turf altogether. Notwithstanding the many defeats of the American horses, we only regarded them as an earnest of the desire of Mr. Ten Broeck to *run his horses into condition*, and that he was of the same opinion on this subject as two of the ablest and cleverest trainers in England, Messrs. Thomas Parr and John Osborn, that "to run your horses into condition, it is the cheapest, as well as best, to run them in public." Prioress seems to have at length, by this mode of training, to have got "fit," and we think that she would be in still finer condition for the Cambridgeshire Stakes, which would be run for on the 26th inst., over a part of the same Course at Newmarket, and for which she at present holds the proud position of *first favorite*.

It is gratifying to learn, as we do from the English papers, that the success of the American mare was received with the heartiest cheering by our trans-atlantic brethren, and that Mr. Ten Broeck was warmly congratulated by the patrons of the turf present, on his maiden victory in England. This we fully expected, as one of the most distinguishing characteristics of John Bull is, a noble and disinterested love of fair play to all; and we know in New York this victory is equally as much a matter of congratulation and pleasure to Englishmen here, as it is to Americans themselves.

The Cæsarewitch stakes, among the winners of which, the name of the American mare, Prioress, is now enrolled, is a race which was established at Newmarket in 1839, in honor of the present Emperor of Russia, who in that year paid a visit to the "Metropolis of the Turf" along with his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, in whose honor the stake which bears that name was instituted. The following are the conditions of the race:

THE CÆSAREWITCH FREE HANDICAP of 25 sovs each, 15 ft, with 200 added by the Jockey Club, for three year olds and upwards; the winner of the Doncaster St Leger 12lb, the second in the St. Leger, or the winner of the Doncaster Cup or the Great Yorkshire Handicap 6lb, or of any handicap value 200 sovs, including the winner's own stake, after the publication of this handicap, 3lb extra; the extra weights not to be accumulative; Cæsarewitch Course; 2 miles, 2 furlongs, and 28 yards.

Since its establishment, the following horses have carried off this valuable stake:

Yr.	Winner.	Age.	Wt.	Val	Yr.	Winner.	Age.	Wt.	Val.
1839.	Cruiskeen	5	90lbs	£ 715	1849.	Legerdemain.	3	77	£1540
1840.	Clarion	4	112*	910	1850.	Glauca	4	105	1340
1841.	Ilona	4	95	1245	1851.	Mrs. Taft	6	84	1580
1842.	Arcanus	3	74	870	1852.	Weathergage.	3	95	1385
1843.	Coranna	4	109	1150	1853.	Haco	3	82	1690
1844.	Faugh a Ball'h	3	112†	1175	1854.	Muscovite	5	115	1245
1845.	The Baron	3	107‡	1245	1855.	Mr. Sykes	5	92‡	1660
1846.	Wit's end	3	86	1210	1856.	Vengeance	4	105	1340
1847.	Cawrouch	4	98	1595	1857.	Prioress, Am	4	93	1600
1848.	The Cur	6	115	1455					

* Carried 116 lbs. † Incl. 10 lbs. extra. ‡ Including 3 lbs. extra.

From this it will be seen that no aged horse has yet been victorious for it. The six-year olds have triumphed twice, the fives thrice, the fours seven times, and the three-year olds seven times.

The value of the stake this year is $8,005, out of which the second horse receives $250 and the judge $150. It was stated a short time since in the *Racing Times*, an English sporting paper, that Mr. Ten Broeck had backed Prioress for £800, and as her price at starting was one hundred to one, it is very probable that he would entrust her with an additional sum at that price, so that we may reasonably suppose his aggregate winnings on this single race will be nearly *half a million dollars!* Our readers will perceive in our account of the race, published elsewhere, that Fordham was substituted for Tankesley as the rider of Prioress in the second heat. The judiciousness of this step was apparent, as by the change the prince of English light-weight jockies was entrusted with the pilotage of the mare, and there is no doubt that if he had ridden her in the dead heat that he would have won with her. The ignorant and ridiculous assertion of Gilpatrick, "that if the American horses were ridden in the same manner as English horses are by their jockies, they would run away with them," was proved to be false, as the tiny jockey was obliged to use his whip pretty freely to rouse the mare to enable her to win. It is exceedingly probable that this fortunate and artistic jockey will ride her for the Cambridgeshire, and it may be "on the cards" for him to achieve the hitherto unperformed feat of winning both these great handicaps on the same horse. Should he succeed in accomplishing this on Prioress, the triumph of the American horses will be complete. Their defeats at Goodwood, Lewes, Warwick, and Chester, will be effectually wiped out, and English sportsmen will have learned to entertain a far higher estimate of American bred racers, than their opening career led them to expect.

THE RECENT PRIZE FIGHT.

Nothing further appears to have been done respecting the recent match between Dennis Horrigan and Harry Lazarus, which terminated so unsatisfactorily on the 13th, after such a well-fought battle on the 10th. No one not directly interested will dispute the assertion that Harry had, most emphatically, the best of the fight, and must have won eventually, had there been sufficient daylight to allow the parties to continue the contest.

The referee's duties terminated on the 10th, unless he was again chosen to act on the 13th, which Mr. Lazarus says was the case, but, which, on the other hand, is denied by the Horrigan party. If he was not the choice of both, then, of course, the stakeholder assumed a power not guaranteed him, and by his haste, seems to have upset all calculations, and to have placed matters almost precisely as they were on the 10th. Whether a referee could have been agreed upon from those present on the 13th, we are not prepared to say, definitely, but from all we have heard respecting the company there assembled, we should judge that each and every one present was biassed in favor of one or the other of the parties. It would have saved much trouble and expense had some arrangement been concluded before leaving Buffalo for the ground.

As the case now stands, the matter is in a fair way of enlisting the attention of the courts, a suit having been entered for the recovery of Horrigan's share of the battle money. Such a course is to be strongly deprecated, and we would urge upon both parties the necessity of coming to some settlement without a resort to the law, which can only entail additional expense upon both men, and probably terminate in having them arrested on the charge of *leaving the State for the purpose of engaging in a prize fight*. It would be better, in our opinion, to increase the stakes, or if agreeable, let them remain as they are, and have the battle renewed at an early day, care being taken to have everything arranged before leaving for the battle ground. If such should be the conclusion arrived at, let an early start be effected, and thereby preclude the probability of darkness again interfering.

It seems to be the fashion of late, both in this country and England, in preparing the preliminaries for a mill, to waste much time before all hands are ready for the start. Whether this is done purposely or not, we cannot tell; at any rate, one reason for the delay seems to be the desire of those interested to hold back the boat or train as long as possible, in order to catch every customer they possibly can, and thus add to the profits of the "excursion." To this fact doubtless, is owing the present unenviable position of the parties to the Horrigan and Lazarus match, for the boats, on the 10th *did not leave their docks until after ten o'clock*, and the fight did not begin until nearly half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. In the summer season, when the days are much longer than they are at present, and the heat less oppressive than in the early part of the day, there may be some excuse for putting off the commencement of a mill, but at the present time of the year, when the days are cool and comfortable, and evening spreads her mantle o'er the earth, and things *pugilistique*, at an early hour, the parties to a mill should endeavor to be in the ring, ready to commence operations, by twelve or one o'clock, at the latest. There is then but little fear of darkness overshadowing the belligerants before they have finished the event in hand; for although pugilists of late have proved extremely long-winded, yet very few can protract a fight beyond four hours. In the coming mill between Coburn and Gribbin, an example will probably be set by the men having all their arrangements completed before starting for the ground, and by their getting to work at as near noon as may be possibly convenient; for Coburn, it will be remembered, fought three hours and twenty-two minutes when he met Price near Boston, a year or two since, and might have stood up for some time longer if darkness had not intervened; and if Gribbin is possessed of equal stamina, as is asserted by his friends, a long and severe battle may be expected.

Another thing, while we are upon the subject, might be alluded to, and that is the high price charged for excursion tickets, for a fight. In Massachusetts, the rate has usually been five dollars per ticket—in Buffalo, two dollars. If the men who do the work, or fighting, were the ones benefitted, there would not be so much cause of complaint, but as outside parties generally reap the benefits, we must, in common with patrons of the P. R., enter our protest against all such excessive charges. It may be urged, in extenuation, that those high rates keep away the rabble, or roughs. We do not look at it in this light—it does not follow, because a man cannot afford to pay two or five dollars to witness a fight that he is one of the roughs. The real rough, if he wishes to be present at a fight, will carry his point despite all efforts to restrain him, and the very means taken to prevent his attendance, only make him the more anxious to be on hand. In these little matters, or movements in the P. R., we think the principals themselves should have whatever profits might accrue from excursions on the occasion; and to this end both men should come to some agreement at an early day, and perfect their arrangements accordingly. Let Messrs. Gribbin and Coburn adopt this plan—let them engage a large and commodious boat, and place the fare at a moderate rate, say one dollar; and let them both also take passage in this boat, with their seconds, umpires, referee, commissary, &c., so that there may be no possibility of losing each other, or not being on hand in season. There may, of course, be opposition excursions started, but as the "fixture," or fighting ground, would be known only to the "regular line," of course the "opposition" would not be very liberally patronised. We throw out these suggestions for what they are worth. If Messrs. Gribbin and Coburn see fit to act upon them, well and good—if not, there is no harm done.

WM. DECKER, AND HIS CHALLENGE.

A FEW weeks since, it will be in the recollection of our readers, a challenge was published in the CLIPPER, in which Mr. William Decker, a celebrated sculler of New York, offered to row a match with any man in the world for a stake of from $1,000 to $5,000. Up to the present time, no response, in a direct manner, has been received by Mr. Decker. It was thought at the time the challenge first appeared that Mr. Daw, who has made rapid strides as an oarsman within the past year or two, would have accepted the banter, and made a match on the terms proposed, but having almost at the same time been matched by some of his friends to row a match against Mr. Glenn, of Philadelphia, the challenge of Mr. Decker remained unanswered. On Tuesday evening, October 20th, at a meeting of the Empire City Regatta Club, when the prizes were presented to the successful competitors in the late regatta at Conrad's Garden, Yorkville, Mr. Andy Fay, the winner of the Champion Sculler's Race, in receiving the reward of his exertions, stated that he entered that regatta because he understood that Mr. Decker had also entered, and he wished to put to the test the abilities of Mr. Decker in contrast with his own; he was greatly disappointed on learning on the regatta grounds that Mr. Decker would not be present. "He now desired to state publicly," continued Mr. Fay, "that he would row a match with Mr. Decker at twenty-four hours' notice, or in one, two, five, ten, or twenty days; and if either considered the other's boat the best, he should have the privilege of choice of boat on the payment of $25. If any of Mr. Decker's friends were present, he stood then and there ready to put up a forfeit to make a match." No one responding on behalf of Mr. Decker at the time, Mr. Fay retired.

It would seem, then, that a match will be the result, for as both men have now shown their hands, and as both have expressed their willingness to row, the former against the world, and the latter against Mr. Decker, there remains nothing to be done but for the parties to meet and arrange the terms of the match. Will it be done? We shall see.

DEATH OF LECOMTE.

WE regret exceedingly to announce the death of the celebrated race horse, Lecomte, one of the American horses taken to England in 1856 by Mr. Ten Broeck. This event took place on Wednesday, Oct. 7th, the result of an attack of cholic. Lecomte became famous the world over when he beat Lexington, on the Metairie Course, New Orleans, in a race for the Jockey Club Purse, four mile heats, when he made the then unparalleled time of 7:26. Lecomte was a chesnut horse, 15 hands three inches high, and seven years old; he was by Boston, out of Reel. Lecomte made his *debut* as a (Southern) two years old, on the Metairie Course, 5th April, 1853, in a Sweepstakes; for colts, 70 lbs.; fillies, 67 lbs.; winning both heats, and beating Conrad the Corsair (filly, by Boston, out of Minerva), Argent, and Zero. Time: 1:48½; 1:45¼. November 25th, in a three year old Sweepstakes; two mile heats; Pharsalia Course, Natchez; carrying 86 lbs., beat Atala, 83 lbs., and Conrad the Corsair, 83 lbs. Time: 3:45½; 3:46¼. 1854, January 6th, mile heats; beat Sallie Ward, filly, by Glencoe; and one other. Time: 1:47; 1:47. January 12th, two mile heats; beat Mary Taylor, four years; Joe Blackburn, three years; and Medina, four years. Time: 3:45½; 3:52½. January 19th, two mile heats; beat Cora, colt. Time: 3:41½; 3:55. April 1st, ran second (both heats) to Lexington, in the State Post Stakes, Metairie Course; four mile heats. Highlander and Arrow also ran. The former was distanced in the second heat, and the latter in the first. Lexington won the first heat by three lengths, and the second by four. Time: 8:08¾; 8:04. April 8th, Metairie Course, won the Jockey Club Purse, four mile heats, with three pounds over-weight, beating Lexington and Reube, who was distanced in the second heat; first heat won by six lengths; second, by four lengths. Time: 7:26; 7:38¾. November 15th, Natchez, won the Association Purse, two mile heats, beating Joe Blackburn. Time: 3:47; 3:46¼. November 18th, walked over for the Association Purse; four mile heats. December 5th, Metairie Course, won the Jockey Club Purse, beating Gallatina and Joe Blackburn; first heat, by two lengths; second, by a length. Time: 3:56; 3:52½. 1855, was beaten easily by Lexington, for the Jockey Club Purse, in 7:23¾. November 17th, Natchez, won the Association Purse; four mile heats; beating Arrow. Time: 7:55½; 7:56¼. December 5th, Metairie Course, Jockey Club Purse; three mile heats; was beaten by Arrow, in three heats. Lecomte won the first heat by two lengths; Arrow, the second, by three or four lengths; and the third, easily. Time: 6:00; 5:59; 6:03: December 8th, walked over for the Jockey Club Purse; four mile heats. 1856, March 15th, Natchez, Association Purse; four mile heats; was beaten by Pryor, in two heats; first, won by a length; second, easily. Time: 7:47; 7:44¾. April 18th, Metairie

Course, Purse; three mile heats; was again beaten by Pryor. Minnow also ran. Lecomte won first heat; Pryor second and third. Time: 5:58½; 5:59¼; 6:12.

These, we believe, comprise his performances on the American turf. He was taken to England with Pryor and Prioress, in the summer of 1856, and was entered for several prominent races during the season of 1857, but, the only one in which he made his appearance was for the Warwick Cup, on the 3d of September, when he ran third. In the death of Lecomte, Mr. Ten Broeck has sustained a great loss.

A PLAN OF RELIEF FOR THE HARD TIMES.—Fernando Wood, Mayor of the city of New York, recently submitted to the consideration of the City Councils a plan for the amelioration of the present condition of the poorer classes of society. This plan, although not altogether perfect in its details, is, at the same time, feasible, and well worthy the consideration of those to whom it has been submitted. It proposes to give employment to thousands now idle, by going ahead with the Central Park, and other public works, which must, sooner or later, be completed. The only objection to Mr. Wood's plan is, that it proposes to pay partly in provisions, and part in cash.

If the work goes on, let those employed be paid all in cash, for this "order" business is not at all congenial to the tastes of the working man, for it generally shaves him as close as if he were in the hands of one of our bill brokers.

What we desire more particularly to call attention to, however, are the attempts making to throw cold water upon Mr. Wood's relief measure by stigmatising it as an "electioneering dodge," &c., inasmuch as it is brought forward on the eve of an important election, by one of the candidates for the Mayoralty. Of the motives that actuate Mr. Wood, we know nothing, neither do we care. If, by the passage of the bill, a great public benefit is designed, as no doubt the carrying out the provisions of this relief measure will bring about, then the originator is to be applauded, not condemned; even though, in framing this bill, he had an eye to the coming election, and was actuated, to a certain extent, by selfish motives. The measure was proposed on the eve of an election, because the necessities of the times at that particular juncture more urgently demanded it. The panic, and its accompanying general distress, came upon us on the eve of an election, and Mr. Wood is the first to step forward and endeavor to relieve those who most stand in need of assistance. If those who are now so vehemently denouncing the Mayor and his relief project were to put their shoulders to the wheel, as Mr. Wood has done, and assist in the good work of restoring to the great metropolis its wonted prosperity, they would be doing a work of charity in which they would ever feel the greatest pride; but when they condemn the measures of others without any other cause than political opposition, and without offering a substitute of their own, the least said upon the subject the better for themselves.

MORE PROPHECIES.—In remarking on the entries for the Cæsarewitch Stakes, the week previous to the race, the sporting journals of London made the following predictions concerning that event:

Bell's Life, through its turf reporter, after enumerating the merits and demerits of the different animals, winds up as follows:

Under all circumstances, I think I may be permitted to take six to beat the field, and these shall be Monsieur Dobler, Warlock, El Hakim, Fright, Lima, and Poodle, in spite of the latter's defeat at Bedford; and reducing them again finally to take my stand with

MONSIEUR DOBLER AND WARLOCK.

The *Era* devotes a column or so to a review of the previous performances of the probable starters, and concludes in this wise:

We have now to make a selection of the winner, and, with such animals as Warlock, Mary, Black Tommy, Tasmania, El Hakim, Fright, Poacher, M. Dobler, the Beeswax colt, Lima, Martinet, and *perhaps* Rosati, backed for stable money, we are almost at a loss what to say, but if we throw over the favorites, no one can complain at our standing three at such odds as

MARY, LIMA, AND BEESWAX COLT.

The "Field" is rather cautious. It says:

M. Dobler continues remarkably firm; Lima was our earliest fancy, together with El Hakim. The field will be a very large one, and it is a difficult thing to select the victor; but we feel confident that the winner will be found in one of the three horses we name, and we decidedly prefer the mare

LIMA.

Of the Americans, none imagined either of them would have the least chance. The "Field," in selecting El Hakim as one of its choice, is the only paper that came near the mark.

A YANKEE TRICK.—Some persons in our hearing have boldly asserted that Mr. Ten Broeck, in suffering his horses to be so badly beaten in England in all their races heretofore, and suddenly achieving a triumph in the great Cæsarewitch Handicap, when the odds were one hundred to one against Prioress, the winner, has been playing a Yankee trick upon our trans-atlantic friends. This may be so, but we can scarcely credit it, for if, in the Goodwood Cup race, the mare had been as well ridden as she was at Newmarket, we firmly believe she would have triumphed then as now.

FEMALE EQUESTRIANISM.—At the recent fair of the Cook County Agricultural Society at Chicago, the following ladies appeared on the race track, to compete for a gold mounted riding whip, to be awarded to the lady who exhibited the most skill in riding and managing her horse: Miss Hattie Waite, Mrs. Barlow, Mrs. Cheeseboro, Mrs. Benj. Russell, Mrs. Pell, Miss Mary Harris, Miss Patterson, and Mrs. Fassett. The prize was awarded to Miss Hattie Waite.

BEN CAENT AND NAT LANGHAM.—From present appearances it would seem that these men contemplate another contest in the roped arena, in order to settle the question of superiority, which their late encounter failed to accomplish, through the intervention of darkness. Both men signify their willinguess for another set-to, Langham stipulating, however, that Ben shall not come any of his bear "hugs" upon him.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Nov. 18.—Harry Gribben and Joe Coburn, $1000—Canada.
Enoch Davis and Jas. Brown, $1000—St. Louis.

ANOTHER PRIZE FIGHT IN ST. LOUIS.

BLAKE vs. JENNINGS.

AN EDITOR CARRIED TO THE FIGHT AGAINST HIS WILL.

A prize fight took place a short distance from St. Louis, Mo., on the 20th inst., between two pugs of St. Louis, named Wm. Blake, alias Dublin Tricks, and Tom Jennings, for $100 a side. The editor of the Daily Democratic having heard a great deal about such matters through the New York CLIPPER, was very anxious to see one of these manly contests, but he was apparently loth to have it known that he purposely attended a prize fight, so he made it appear that he was carried off against his will. Hear what he says upon the subject:

The account which we propose giving of a fight which took place yesterday, would never have been written but for a very untoward circumstance, which caused us much chagrin. Sauntering along the levee, we espied the steamer S. Bayard speeding swiftly towards the upper end of the landing, and a crowd of people running in the same direction. The boat landed at the foot of Cherry street, and our curiosity prompted us to rush on board with about a hundred others. While seeking for information as to the cause of the unusual demonstration, the boat, *to our inexpressible horror*, backed out, and was carrying us away, we know not whither. The captain paid no attention to our vehemently delivered request that he should "put us ashore." Now that we have related how we became one of "the party," and thereby lost some of the precious hours of time which should have been devoted to other and more profitable pursuits, we proceed to state what came under our observation. Our sense of propriety and moral propensities forbid such a relation, but it is something new, *and may serve to distract the attention* of some for a moment from the question of currency, specie, and hard times generally. On board, there were about two hundred persons including a large number of the "fancy," by which, we suppose, is meant professional pugilists and masters in the art. The boat attempted to make a landing on a very tempting sand bar, about six miles up the river, but the water proving too shallow, she proceeded to a point opposite the head of Gabree island, eight miles from this city. The principals were taken on board from the Illinois shore, opposite Lowell. The boat was made fast and a most exciting clambering took place up the bluff bank, which was some forty feet high, and nearly perpendicular. A narrow path was discovered, which led to the newly plowed, sowed and harrowed field of Archie Frame, where the wooden stakes were put in, a twenty-four foot ring formed, the ground leveled and smoothed by the old fellow who was very witty, and everything made ready for the fight. Some time, however, was occupied in choosing umpires and referee, but at last Johnny Roberts and T. A. O. were chosen umpires for Blake alias Dublin Tricks, and Sam Morton and Mike Trainer, for Jennings. The former had Frank Mason and Jim Brown for seconds. The scene was romantic, indeed. A forest of trees to the right—away up in a corner of the field two teams quietly trailing plows—and behind, the broad river, and the boat's chimneys reflected against the sky, the high bluff bank hiding the boat itself from view. While we were enjoying this part of the scene, a voice announced the coming of the ambitious gladiators, and we saw them rise up as it were, from the river, and plant their feet on the level field.

THE FIGHTERS.

Jennings was first in the ring. He is, we believe, a native of Ireland. He stands near six feet four inches, and weighs 195 or 196 pounds. An adept in matters of the ring remarked, that he was dressed like a clown. He had flesh-colored stockings, with silver lace, &c. The colors were, green for Jennings, and blue and white for Tricks. The latter threw his hat into the ring, and instantly followed. His dress was more appropriate, but when stripped he exhibited too much fat, while his opponent appeared in much better fighting condition.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The word was given to pitch in, upon which both men stood up, closed their paws, exchanged glances, smiled, and several passes were made. Tricks stopped beautifully two hard thrusts; each gave and received a blow, Tricks drawing first blood from his opponent's conk. They closed, struggled to the ropes, and both went down.

2. Both men started to their feet and approached each other, agilely manœuvering, aiming heavy blows and stopping. First knock down blow for Jennings.

3. Hitting all in favor of Tricks. Jennings striking open handed, and at the close, slipped down, escaping a blow.

4. A good deal of scuffling, and rapid movements of the pins, both looking wild and anxious, when Jennings clasped Tricks around the body and threw him. In this round, Tricks spat out two teeth.

5. In this round, Jennings struck his opponent several tremendous blows, and looked like some ferocious demon, as he thrust out his sledghammer fists, as if with the weight of a battering ram. He had it all his own way. Tricks down.

6. Jennings at it fiercely, the other doing his best to escape the blow. Both down, Tricks having received the lion's share of the punishment.

7. The fighting much the same as in last round. Tricks down.

8. Jennings having it all his own way. Tricks having received several hits on his face and neck—down.

9 and last. The men came up, both blowing, but apparently as able for the encounter as at the first round. After a few of Tricks' manœuvres, Jennings got into him with the left, and then an upper cut with the right, when they closed, and a struggle for the fall ensued, and Tricks caught his adversary by the right leg, and threw him. A cry of foul, foul, arose. The matter was referred to the referee, who decided that the fight should go on.

Time being called, Tricks refused to come up to the scratch. Jennings was therefore declared the winner of the stakes. An uproarous scene ensued; the crowd rushed into the ring, and shouted and crowed, until the very air seemed filled with shrieking devils.

REMARKS.

THE men are said to have been very unevenly matched. Tricks standing only five feet eleven inches, and weighing about one hundred and eighty-five pounds, while his opponent was much larger, as we stated above.

Many of those present had much confidence in Tricks from his admirable proportion and his activity. Jennings is a much clumsier man, of strong build.

The friends of Tricks are very wrathy with him for giving up the fight so easily; said he ought never to fight again, and so on. But they should have known that Jennings was no ordinary fighter. It was soon evident to every one that Tricks had not a shadow of a chance of success.

THE HORRIGAN AND LAZARUS FIGHT.

THE STAKEHOLDER'S STATEMENT.

BUFFALO, Oct. 25th 1857.

FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir:* The utter perversion of truth by the Horrigan party in their statement of matters that have transpired in the Horrigan and Lazarus battle with which I have been unwillingly connected, has constrained me to ask the indulgence of the CLIPPER for a first, final and *truthful* statement of all matters that have occurred in connection with the above contest with which I have been connected.

First and foremost, I was selected as the stakeholder while absent from Buffalo, and much against my wishes. The two first deposits being temporarily made in the hands of another person, I reluctantly consented to act in that capacity, not only by the *mutual*, but by the *urgent* request of both parties. Immediately after my return to Buffalo and the stake money had been transferred to my hands, Mr. T. C. Matthews, the gentleman who figures so conspicuously in all the scheming, financiering, and especially the wordy part of this contest, came to me in a confidential manner, assuming what I regarded as a most unwarrantable liberty, with a most disgraceful proposition for me to co-operate with him in selling the fight to Horrigan, which proposal I silently repelled, and have subsequently carefully avoided Mr. Matthews place, and company. Thus, it will appear evident that Mr. Matthews had from the onset put little faith in his man Horrigan being able to conquer, except through fraud and chicanery.

Now a word by way of explanation and justification in regard to my informing the Horrigan party that they must agree upon a referee in one hour or I would hand the stakes over to Lazarus. I admit the fact; and also, that I assumed a responsibility unwarranted by the customs of the Prize Ring. But, by way of extenuation, I have to urge that I was induced to that course by the persistent obstinacy and evident determination of the party not to fight at all; thinking that there was a possibility that such an announcement on my part might induce them to change their tactics, and arise upon the "ghost of a chance" that was left them to win by fighting. That they had not the slightest intention of doing so when they left Buffalo Tuesday morning, is evident, not only from their leaving their fighting paraphernalia (fighting shoes, &c.,) behind them, (as I am credibly informed,) but there is also evidence from the lips of the parties themselves, (which can be produced if necessary,) spoken in confidence during the interval of the two meetings, which establishes beyond all controversy what was their design.

The referee, Mr. Roe, was a most unexceptionable man; and if there was any advantage during his reference, it certainly was in favor of Horrigan in —— round, when he went down without a blow, which fact escaped the observation of Mr. Roe, whose attention was at that moment called in another direction. In regard to my being one of the principal backers of Lazarus, I have to say, and am ready to state upon oath, that the whole amount of battle money I had in the stakes was one-third of a fifty dollar deposit. This amount was staked as a matter of accommodation, intending to hand the winnings, as is customary, to Harry; but to satisfy Mr. Matthews' *penetrating obtuseness* (if you will allow me the expression) "of how my feelings were," I will give them over to him—that is, the third of the fifty. (Pray, Mr. Matthews, don't misunderstand me.)

That my announcement in the ring on Tuesday had not the slightest reference to my own interest, I will do myself the justice to say that I voluntarily relinquished all claim to my own outside bets upon the result of the battle, which were very considerable, amounting to several hundred. Mr. Matthews further states that Mr. Davis and himself named several persons for referee—the "Buffalonian" that there were some half dozen. The only two persons mentioned for referee by the Horrigan party were so obviously prejudiced and biased, that it would have been the extreme of folly on the part of Lazarus to have agreed to them—the one having bet largely on the result in favor of Horrigan—the other only the night previous having threatened Lazarus's life if he went to the fight the next day.

I fully agree with "Buffalonian" that there could not have been a referee chosen from the crowd on Tuesday that would have been satisfactory to both parties. I am entirely convinced that the Horrigan party were fully determined not to agree under any circumstances upon any reliable and suitable person. So far as the twenty dollars staked by one of the Horrigan party on Monday night on the result of the next day, that was a mere stall to give color of sincerity to their actions, and assimulate confidence, as they were fully determined there should be no fight under any circumstances. Of course there was no hazard. Of the "thousand and one" other assertions of "Buffalonian" I have only to say they are a tissue of falsehoods, simply too absurd to every person knowing anything of the circumstances to demand any refutation in detail.

To conclude this statement, I have to say in behalf of Mr. Lazarus that, although Harry had determined to retire forever from the P. R, he will waive the determination in favor of Horrigan, will add five hundred more to the original stakes (which are not given up as has been reported) and will fight him for the whole amount any day between this and Christmas—the Editor of the CLIPPER as referee, or naming a substitute. If the Horrigan party think they are entitled to any portion of the stakes, or have the ability to win them honorably, let them accept this proposition, or otherwise I shall positively hand the stakes over to Harry—sue or no sue. ADAM CLARK.

MR. LAZARUS REPLIES.

BUFFALO, Oct. 24, 1857.

MR. QUEEN—*Dear Sir:* I must confess that there was no written document that Mr. Roe should act as Referee; but Mr. Mathews, on the part of Horrigan, said he had not the slightest objection. I then said, we may consider it settled, that Mr. Roe should be Referee. Mr. Mathews said, I dare say it will be all right on the day (Tuesday.) On Monday night, Mr. Mathews called at my house; I spoke to him again upon the subject of Mr. Roe being Referee—he said he would agree and have it in writing. I went to get pen, ink, and paper, and Mr. Mathews went out of the house. There were plenty of bets offered by the Horrigan party that there would be no fight on that day, and that Harry did not win the money on that day; and when Harry's friends offered to bet them any amount of money at 2 to 1 that Harry would win if they fought, they would not bet that way, so I think that would lead you to judge whether they meant fighting or not. I will leave that to yourself. Your reporter will tell you the difference of the punishment of the two. I can assure you Harry was very little the worse, and he had scarcely a mark on his face or body on the Tuesday; his left hand was a little hurt, but his right hand was as good as before the first fight. Horrigan's face, on Tuesday, was in a most awful state—one of his eyes was nearly closed, and the other bad; his nose, lips, and pretty near his entire face, was all sores, so that the slightest blows would have had him covered in blood in a few rounds; his right hand was entirely gone, and he could not raise his left arm higher than his shoulder; all this Horrigan and his backers knew, and they knew that he would not have had a chance had he fought, and that is the reason he would not have Mr. Roe as Referee, or any other fair man. Horrigan was offered $50 by some gentlemen to have a few rounds, which he refused. It is useless to say more, for every disinterested person present could see he did not mean fighting that day, but wished to get out of it in some way. Yours, IZZY LAZARUS.

CARD FROM THE REFEREE.

BUFFALO, October 24, 1857.

MR. QUEEN—*Dear Sir:* I notice in your publication of last week that it is asserted that I was chosen referee for the renewal on the last day of the late fight between Lazarus and Horrigan. If that was the case, it was without my knowledge. With regard to that I would say, that when I notified Lazarus and Horrigan, and their friends, of the time fixed by me for the second meeting, Lazarus proposed that I should again act as referee. Mr. Matthews, on the part of Horrigan, made no objection, but said there was time enough to agree on the referee on the ground. With reference to the ring being broken up, I saw nothing of the kind; but, on the contrary, the conduct of both parties was unobjectionable, and the ring was taken down by the parties who put it up. I merely state facts, and abstain from giving any decision on the result, having no jurisdiction over the matter at the second meeting. The reason why I trouble you at all on this subject is, that there is much dispute here between the parties. With regard to having any bets on the issue, it is not so; I was entirely disinterested.

Yours respectfully, ROBT. ROE.

CARD.

BUFFALO, Oct. 23, 1857.

FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir:* I notice by your CLIPPER of this week that Mr. Izzy Lazarus states that I agreed with him for Mr. R. Roe to act as referee a second time, namely, on Tuesday, the 13th inst. This I most positively denounce to be *false*—no such agreement was ever made by me, and if I had agreed upon him or any one else to act as such previous to entering the ring, I would certainly have made it in black and white, and then facts would have shown for themselves, which are obstinate things to beat. Again, Mr. Lazarus asserts that the spectators became so much enraged at the conduct of the Horrigan party that immediately after the hour had expired which had been allowed by Mr. Adam Clarke, the ring was broken down and quietude could no longer be restored. This I also declare to be incorrect, as the ring was unmolested by those outside, but was taken down by Mr. George Humphrey and his party that were engaged to put the ring up on both occasions, namely, Saturday, the 10th, and Tuesday 13th inst. Mr. Lazarus does not mention anything of Mr. A. Clark, the stakeholder, backer, and better of Harry Lazarus, sending to Thomas Davis on Saturday, the 10th inst., and offering him one hundred dollars if he would throw up the sponge as a token of defeat of Horrigan. So much for honest stakeholders. Again, I would beg to call your attention to the disclosures of Harry Lazarus in his late encounter on Saturday, the 10th inst., when charged with gouging Horrigan after darkness had set in. He coolly admits the reason why he commenced gouging, as, he says, the other commenced it first, and that he was determined to give him his share of it. Horrigan positively denies any attempt at gouging, the other confessing it still strengthens my opinion that Horrigan is entitled to the whole of the battle money, and especially as Mr. Clarke refuses to even give Horrigan his own part back, namely, the $500. I am alike doubtful if even he had beaten him deaf, dumb, and blind, either on Saturday, or Tuesday, or at any other meeting, whilst the stakes remained in the hands of such a man as him, I candidly believe he would not have got one cent. Enclosed you will find a statement from Mr. R. Roe, late referee. There are many more disclosures yet to be made by my friend, Thos. Davis, not yet made public. Did I know them, I would give them publicity—suffice it to say they will appear too soon for some of the knowing ones. Yours truly, T. C. MATTHEWS.

JACK COPE says he will fight Holmes for $200 or $300 a side, in Chicago, or as may be agreed upon. Money ready at Mr. Newsome's, Rip Van Winkle Saloon, Chicago; $100 to be the first deposit.

SPARRING.

A FEW WORDS OF ADVICE.—We are continually receiving letters from correspondents, calling attention to the fact that persons giving sparring exhibitions throughout the country are not particular as to how they make out their bills, but make promises which they never intend to fulfil, &c. Complaints are made that names of certain boxers are placed on the bills, at random, when in fact such boxers may be miles and miles away. This manner of doing business may answer once, and the deceit practised may have the desired effect of drawing a large audience, but, when the fraud is discovered, confidence is destroyed, and those who next endeavor to succeed, honestly or otherwise, meet with a cool reception. We have repeatedly called the attention of our boxing friends to the evils attending this questionable mode of making out their bills, but our advice seems to have fallen still-born with some of the fraternity. Hereafter, those who are guilty of this species of deception, must not complain if their movements are duly recorded, and patrons of the art put on their guard against their exhibitions.

GRIBBEN'S EXHIBITION, on Friday evening, 30th inst., promises to be numerously attended, wind and weather permitting. Some excellent talent will set-to on the occasion, among others we might mention Young Barney Aaron, Johnny Roach, Dan Kerrigan, Phil. Clare, &c. Clare and Gribben will wind up. Kerrigan's Saloon, 22 White street, has been selected for the exhibition.

CON QUINN AND JONAS FOX'S EXHIBITION, at Kerrigan's, on the 16th, was a complete failure, the night being one of the worst of the season. Quinn will make another attempt on Saturday, evening, 31st inst., at Chelsea Manor House, 9th avenue and 25th street, when we hope he will meet with better luck.

CARD.—Messrs. John Cope and J. Taylor, who have been on a sparring tour in Chicago and other places, request us to return their thanks to Mr. Newsome, of the Rip Van Winkle Saloon, Chicago, for the kindness he has manifested towards them during their stay in Chicago.

AQUATICS.

ROWING MATCH.—EXPERIMENT VS. ALLAIRE.—The proposed match noticed in our last, between the four-oared boats Robert H. Allaire, of Greenpoint, winner in the late Empire City Regatta, and the Experiment, of the Metropolitan Club, of Williamsburgh, was duly made for $200 a side, and Tuesday last appointed for the contest. An accident to one or two of the Experiment's crew, however, caused a postponement until Thursday, of this week, 29th inst., when the race will take place over the Regatta Club's course. The race promises to be earnestly contested, for both crews, and both boats, have equally made their mark in aquatic sports, and the question as to superiority will be decided by this match. Judge for the Allaire, S. Roberts; for the Experiment, George C. Newman—the two Judges to choose a referee. A full report will be given in our next.

The steamboat Iolas will take passengers to the race. For time and place of starting see advertisement in another column.

THE LADY PUTMAN THE CHAMPION OF THE LAKES.—A match race for four hundred dollars, between the four oared race boat Lady Putman, belonging to the Metropolitan club, and the Phantom, six oars, of the Pioneer club, came off at Chicago, on Saturday, the 17th inst. The contest was also for the champion colors of the Lakes. The race was over a four mile course, and the Lady Putman came in about three hundred yards ahead of her competitor, thus establishing her claim to the championship. This boat is certainly an astonishing one; she has been victor in nearly a dozen races, and has been rowed by almost as many crews. She was built in this city by George C. Newman, named in honor of a lady in Harlem, and was stamped with the impress of victory in the first regatta of the Empire City Regatta Club in 1855, when there were five boats entered for the race. We understand there are two oil paintings of her in this city, which must now be considered valuable. The flag which has been so nobly won by the Lady Putman is of blue silk, richly embroidered with a wreath of oak leaves encircling the word "Champion." The time was as follows: Lady Putman 30m. 17s., Phantom 30m. 32s. In addition to the above the Lady Putman was entitled to forty seconds on account of the superior number of oars which her adversary used; but it will be seen she won by fifteen seconds without the allowance.

"SCHUYLKILL NAVIGATION."—REGATTA FOR NOVEMBER 7.—On Saturday, Nov. 7th, we are to have an exciting and interesting boat race on the Schuylkill. There will be three champions to enter the lists, full of pride and hope: first, the Atalanta—a fine, new "outrigger" barge, owned by the Keystone Club, one of the oldest and most respectable clubs on our river. Next, the Phantom, same class boat as the Atalanta, but thought by some to be more handsomely modelled. These two boats were both built by Mr. G. P. R. James, of Brooklyn, and are fine specimens of his artistic skill. The Falcon, a six oared barge, of great speed and fine model, is the third boat and the last. She is well manned by a picked crew of the best oarsmen on the river, but they labor under a disadvantage in having to contend against "outriggers." The Falcon men, however, seem confident of success, and it is certain they will try for it. There are many speculations as to who will win the race. The writer of this, who *ought* to know, holds the opinion that the Atalanta will come out first, the Phantom 30 seconds after, and the Falcon 10 seconds in her wake.

The result, however, will prove how far your humble servant is imbued with the prophetic spirit claimed by so many *wise* ones of our time.

With great respect, "ALL BONY."

CAMILLA AND FALCON—Philadelphia, October, 23, 1857.—FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir:* Your correspondent, "J," in your paper of this week, says "the race that was to have taken place this month between the Camilla and Falcon barge clubs has *fell* through; the fault was with the Camilla," etc., etc. Allow me to state that "J" is as incorrect in his *assumption* of *facts* as he is in his *grammar*; no arrangement had been made; no challenge given, by either party. I suppose it likely that "J" thought he might stir up some rivalry between the clubs by having his curious communication published—but it won't do, he oversteps his mark; the Camilla and Falcon do not wish to have their doings meddled with by an outsider; they are on terms of fast friendship, and hope to continue so.

Before embarking in this somewhat impertinent and decidedly uncalled for experiment of meddling with the affairs of other people, would it not have been better for the individual to have taken a few more lessons from his

A. B. C's.

SCHUYLKILL VS. DELAWARE.—Reading a communication of the Phantom Barge Club in your paper of the 17th inst., stating that they intended to time their boat down the Schuylkill river on the first week in next month, and inviting the Amateur boat-men of Philadelphia to join in on that occasion, the members of a boat sporting on the river Delaware would like to participate on that occasion if our brother members on the Schuylkill will permit.

Yours, A MEMBER.

Philadelphia, Oct. 24th, 1857.

A LONG TROT.

TWENTY-FIVE MILES IN ONE HOUR AND THIRTY-SIX AND A HALF MINUTES.

ANDREW A. DALTON'S celebrated horse Broker, and the Taylor horse had their twenty-five mile trot at Bridgeport yesterday (Friday.) It resulted in the success of Broker, that horse accomplishing the feat in one hour and thirty-six and half minutes. The horses started at thirty minutes and thirty-two seconds past three o'clock, and completed the race of twenty-five miles in one hour, thirty-six minutes and thirty seconds. The Taylor horse broke badly during the race, and on the last home stretch run by the other, coming in a neck ahead. His running, however, disqualified him from taking the purse, and the judges decided in favor of Broker. The two kept very near together during the whole race, and divided the half mile about equally. Their first half mile was made in 1:45, and their last in 1:43, while the least time was 1:39 and the longest 2:01. Mr. Dalton stopped his horse three times for rest, but the other kept on the track from the start to the close. About 1,000 people, among them many ladies, were on the grounds. The authorities of Bridgeport, as a condition of allowing the race, obliged Messrs. Dalton and Taylor to make oath that they had not and would not bet on the result.—[*Hartford Times, Oct. 24.*

UNION COURSE, L. I., Oct. 20, 1857.—Trotting Match, $500, mile hts., 3 in 5; Isaac Woodruff's Bay Pacer, Jim Hughes, to 250 lb. waggon. Hiram Woodruff's Sorrel trotter, Louis Beiral, to a skeleton wagon. Result:

Jim Hughes	1	2	1	1
Louis Beiral	2	1	2	2

Time, 2:39; 2:41; 2:46; 2:47.

SPORTS! SPORTS!
Exercise! Exercise!! Exercise!!!

NEW YORK CLIPPER,

THE RECOGNIZED SPORTING JOURNAL OF AMERICA,

AND ADVOCATE OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS FOR THE PEOPLE.

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The CLIPPER is the organ of no particular class, but devotes its energies and influence to the improvement of the physical and mental condition of the people, as well as to making money, honestly, for its proprietors. The success of the CLIPPER, as a sporting paper, is without precedent in this or any other country. It is now hailed as "the recognized sporting authority in America."

TERMS.—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail—$1.00 for six months; $2.00 for one year. Club of four, $7.00 per annum; club of eight, $13.00 per annum; club of twelve, $18.00 per annum—in all cases in advance. Advertisements, 6 cents per line for each and every insertion. Day of publication, Thursday of each week.

FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 30 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1857.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Nassau st., N. Y.
MADDEN & Co., 21 and 23 Ann street.
SAMUEL YATES, 22 Beekman street.
CAULDWELL & LONG, 32 Ann street.
HAMILTON & JOHNSTON, No. 22 Ann street.
A. WINCH, 116 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., 9 and 13 Court street, Boston.
JOHN J. DYER, 25 School street, Boston
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Building, Baltimore, Md
A. C. BAGLEY, Cincinnati.
WALLACE, AUSTEN & BUHL, Chicago, Ill.
A. & E. EZEKIEL, 7 Exchange Place and 122 Poydras st., New Orleans.
L. D. CAMPBELL, 16 King street West, Toronto, Canada West.
BELL & HENDERICKSON, 512 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.
DUNCAN & INNES, 162 Vine street, Cincinnati.

PROPHETS OF THE TURF.

WE some weeks since called the attention of our readers to several extracts from the Sporting Journals of London, in which prophecies were made as to the winners of certain races then soon to take place, and which were creating more than usual stir in the sporting world. How far from being fulfilled were these prophecies we also gave abundant evidence to our readers. We now have another class to introduce to our friends, the professional prophets of the turf, men who make a business of foretelling, or, at least, of promising to foretel the winner of any event, for a consideration. These gentry exhibit the most unblushing effrontery in their business transactions, and advertise their calling as though they were doing a perfectly legitimate trade. As the thing has not before been brought to the notice of the American public, we have taken the liberty of transferring to our columns copies of some of their advertisements as we find them duly recorded in the sporting papers of London.

Here's a gentleman that is willing to share a "secret" with his patrons, and the fortune accruing therefrom likewise. There is no selfishness in such a man, surely:

MR JOHN FLATMAN, 5 Goodge street, Tottenham Court-road, London, from his connexion with the Turf can impart a secret respecting the Cæsarewitch and Cambridge. Do not let this opportunity of making a fortune escape you, the chance may never occur again for one person to name the winners of both events, which I fearlessly say that from my connexions with the stables I can do. Enclose two addressed envelopes for replies. Commissions executed and payment guaranteed day after the race. Post office orders payable at Charing cross, London, to John Flatman.

The next that claim attention are Messrs. Hopwood and Rogers, who offer to invest £1 for their patrons, whereby they can "stand to win £400." They do not ask them if they can stand the loss of their £1.

MESSRS. HOPWOOD AND ROGERS.—Great Double Events. The Cæsarewitch and Cambridgeshire Stakes at 1,000 to 1. Their second double event, the Chester Handicap and Cæsarewitch Stakes at 400 to 1. Gentlemen that wish to invest £1 at Chester can stand to win £400 to £1 on the winner of the Cæsarewitch, for we are as confident as if they were both over. Enclose fifteen stamps, and receive our Guide for Chester, Bedford, Newmarket, and all intermediate Races to the end of the season. Commissions executed from 10s. and upwards. Address 20 Marylebone street, Golden square, London.

This firm seem to have made a "hit," like a policy dreamer, and on the strength of that hit they hope to induce their customers to try their nag for the Cæsarewitch, which had been tried, and won in a canter. They send their betting guide gratis, but, like the retired physician in Jersey city, they demand six stamps, doubtless "to pay for this advertisement."

BETTING GUIDE SENT GRATIS.—Messrs. Astel and May's great hit again this week at Newmarket—Won Eight Races, and at Northallerton we sent Evelyn and Peto, both winners. Our Cæsarewitch nag was tried this day with two of the best horses of the day, and won his trial in a canter, so those who wish to be on must send by return, as this is a second Vergeance, and our nag for the Cambridge is at 66 to 1. Chester Meeting; We can guarantee five winners, and at Bedford four winners certain. Enclose six stamps for corresponding. Address, Mr. J. Astel, 48 High street, Bloomsbury, London.

The next on the list is so sure that they have the thing "sot," that they offer to send the name of the winner, and in case of failure, they ask no fee. Observe how confident they appear—"our selection is sure to win."

NO WINNER NO FEE.—Hartwell & Moore solicit immediate application for their advice on the Cæsarewitch. Our astonishing sucess year after year in predicting the winner of this great race is a remarkable and established fact. So confident are we of winning, that we undertake to issue our advice gratis. No Winner no Fee.

Address, by letter only, enclosing stamped envelopes, Hartwell & Moore, 56 Gray's Inn-lane, Holborn, London.

N. B.—Never mind the betting, but follow us fearlessly. Our selection is sure to win.

We next come to the circular of the Mazeppa Club. This club depends altogether on their study of Dyball's arithmatic, and their original and equitable system of calculations. They have cyphered the races down to a dot, and they know exactly what can be won:

"Alterum Alterius Auxilio Apet"

MAZEPPA CLUB.—Originated on certain equitable basis of calculations for the purpose of laying double events on the principal Handicaps and Races. 1,000 to 1 against naming the winner of the Cæsarewitch and Cambridgeshire. 250 to 1 against naming first, second, or third in both races. On the first event coming off, the backer can receive, if desirous of doing so, the then full value of his bet, previous to the Cambridgeshire being run. Illustration:—Supposing Hopeful to have won the Cæsarewitch, and Impatience to be at 10 to 1 for Cambridgeshire, you could immediately have, value £90, bonus, £15; total, £ 55.

The odds not laid for less than 10s or more than £10. Cheques and Post-office orders to be made payable to Edward Gordon Herbert, Secretary, Ayer's buildings, Holborn, London. By letter only.

Here's another firm on the retired physician's plan—they need seven stamps only, and *guarantee* nine winners out of twelve marked by them. Like their neighbors, they have a good thing for the Cæsarewitch and Cambridgeshire, their choice being at exceedingly long odds:

ADOLPHUS BARRINGTON and Co. wish to inform their Friends and the Sporting Public, that they issue their Marked Handicap Book weekly on the receipt of Seven Stamps enclosed, and can guarantee Nine Winners out of Twelve marked. They have one for the Chester Handicap now at 12 to 1; Bedfordshire Stakes, 10 to 1. Cæsarewitch and Cambridgeshire, 100 to 1 each, on the field. Commissions executed from 10s. to £10, and money returned the day after the Race. Post-office Orders payable as above. Address, 78, Wardour street, London.

Another hit. Friend Dyer takes to himself the credit of having foretold the winner of the recent St. Leger. He calls on his subscribers to do their duty, that is, send in his per centage on their winnings—fair enough, in all conscience:

IMPERIEUSE, WARLOCK.—Mr. James Dyer will forfeit fifty pounds to any Subscriber who did not receive the following advice: St Leger; lay against the favorites. Imperieuse will win. Tournament second or third. Great Yorkshire Handicap. Warlock must beat Tasmania. Look at Newmarket, King of the Forest, Governess, Aster, Druid, Ancient Briton, all advised on. Subscribers, be just, do your duty. Bar accident, nothing can beat our advice for Cæsarewitch and Cambridgeshire. The Double Event is now at 800 to 1. Terms: For advice, Single Event, 3s.; Double, 5s; Season, 10s. Commissions executed. Address, James Dyer, 3, Surrey street, Strand, London. Post office orders payable at Strand Branch.

Friend Gray seems to be in especial favor with the stable boys, for he indites his epistle to the Corinthians and others from the very spot where the winner of the Cæsarewitch is training. Gray depends solely on a per centage to cover his great outlay of "getting in with the boys." It's well worth it.

A THOUSAND POUNDS WON.—Yonatt Wm. Gray, of 15, Charing cross, writes this advertisement on the spot where the Winner of the Cæsarewitch is trained, now at 1,000 to 10. He knows the one named gave 11lb. to one of the best Horses of his year, and won in a "trot." The light impost and his sweeping stride cannot fail to bring him in alone. To test the truth of this assertion, he will issue this advice for Thirteen Postage Stamps, depending solely on per centage to cover the enormous outlay. All information to the end of the season will be sent for 5s. Stamped addressed envelopes should be sent. Post office Orders to be made payable at Charing cross. Commissions executed to any amount. Information on the Cambridgeshire Stakes, Thirteen Stamps.

Ah! here's something to look at—three certainties and all for thirty stamps at that, and a "promise" *in case of success.* Enock's a trump:

ENOCK'S THREE CERTAINTIES.—Cæsarewitch, Cambridgeshire, and Liverpool Autumn Cup, now at 2,000 to 1, for thirty stamps, and a faithful promise of per centage. Valuable information upon all races up to the end of the season included for Five Shillings. Commissions executed, and immediate payments guaranteed (references given if requested). N. B.—Those who wish to win a stake over these races, can secure the above odds by forwarding Post-orders for investing, addressed GEORGE ENOCK, CHESTER.

Neighbor Bottomley does not actually say that he foretold the winner of the St. Leger, but he intimates it in such a modest manner that we are compelled to give him the benefit of the doubt, the same as we would to a man on trial for murder. We cannot exactly understand, however, what Bottomley means where he refers to "those desirous of retrieving their *lost* fortunes;" he leaves us in the dark as to whether the losers took his advice, or somebody else's. Again we give him the benefit of the doubt:

INFORMATION WORTH £'00 TO BETTING MEN.—The Winners of the Cæsarewitch and Cambridgeshire sent for Seven Stamps each, and a promise of per centage on Winnings. Thousands of pounds were won on my advice to back Imperieuse for the Doncaster St. Leger. Those who are desirous of retrieving their lost fortunes should immediately apply for this genuine advice, and they will rejoice when the Races are over. References given to hundreds of Sporting Gentlemen. Be in time. Address, T. BOTTOMLEY, Post-office, Tunstall, Staffordshire.

Stamford appears to be always right. "I told you so," is his motto, (like Bennett and his Herald,) after the event is over. The mutual friendship existing between Stamford and his customers must be of that character so beautifully exemplified by the Happy Family at Barnum's Museum. Observe how cautious he is regarding the Cæsarewitch—no wonder he comes out right in the end, for he never commits himself:

WARLOCK.—STAMFORD RIGHT AGAIN.—Subscribers, again I congratulate you upon our success. I told you Warlock was a certainty for the Great Yorkshire Handicap. I can send you what I believe is a certainty for the Cæsarewitch. Apply at once.

Address, with directed envelope, to JOHN STAMFORD, Ipswitch. No winner, no fee.

Mr. Craven's advice requires no comments, so we let it pass, merely remarking that his terms are five shillings on each event.

CÆSAREWITCH AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES.—Mr. Henry Craven's Advice for the above Great Races requires no comments. Back his advice for Cæsarewitch, now at 40 to 1, for a Stake; Cambridgshire, 80 to 1. I am certain to win the Double Event. Mark! 1,500 to 1 can be obtained. Remember Vengeance and Malacca last year. Terms, for each event, Five Shillings; for the Season, £1 1s. Commissions executed at the Post from Ten Shillings upwards.

Address, HENRY CRAVEN, Post-office, Newmarket. Post-office Orders payable same place.

P. S.—Gentlemen can be telegraphed the latest information by sending directed envelopes and paying expenses.

Terrific Slaughter! Mr. Rollin seemes to have come down upon the bookmakers like an avalanche, and covered them with ignominy. He prophecies with a perfect looseness, and, according to his own showing, with the most unqualified success. Hear him as he dilates upon his recent successes. P. S.—Rollins is such a sure card that he disdains to notice those who do not fork over in advance:

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD.—Dreadful Slaughter at Doncaster committed among the Bookmakers, on the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th of September, 1857, through taking Mr R. Rollin's advice. The following is a true and correct copy.—The Great Doncaster St Leger. Imperieuse! Imperieuse! Imperieuse! Imperieuse is sure to Win. Sent out when at 50 to 1 with advice to lay against Ignoramus. The Great Yorkshire Handicap. Warlock or Tasmania. First and Second. The Corporation Plate—Sunbeam. The Champagne Stakes—Sister to Ellington. The Doncaster Stakes—Skirmisher. The Doncaster Cup—Vedette. Sent out sixteen days before the entry. Sweepstakes of 200 sovs—Drumour. The Park Hill Stakes—Blink Bonny.

Mr. R. Rollin will forfeit One Thousand Pounds to any subscriber if he did not receive the above advice.

Subscribers, go for a stake on the Cæsarewitch and Cambridgeshire. The horses sent are sure to win. Get on directly—not one moment's delay.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Terms: One week's advice, 10s. 6d.; or One Guinea the Year.

Address, Mr. RICHARD ROLLIN, No. 1, Broad-street, Bloomsbury, London. N.B.—No answer returned without the fee. See my other advertisements.

We close our budget, with Mr. Rollin's "other advertisement," in which he gives the "outsiders" a chance. His affecting appeal to subscribers is truly touching, and the assertion that "all is lost" if they do not send at once, is no doubt made with an eye single to its entire truthfulness.

CÆSAREWITCH AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—Outsiders! Outsiders! Outsiders! Subscribers, our outsider will win the Cæsarewitch. Subscribers, our outsider will win the Cambridgeshire. The winners of both will soon be heard off. All is lost if you do not send at once! Take no notice of the betting, but follow me.

I have sent you eight horses at 50 to 1 each, which have all won in the small space of two months, Leamington, El Hakim, and Imperieuse being the last. I have sent you two more at 50 to 1 each. They will win. Ten winners guaranteed at each meeting. To the Public: Terms, one week's advice, 10s. 6d. or one guinea the year. Address, Mr. Richard Rollin, No. 1 Broad street, Bloomsbury, London. Post-office orders payable at Bloomsbury. Stamps taken. N. B.—Commissions executed to any amount.

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.—I challenge one and all of you to contradict my advice with the list of winners, sent as publicly advertised on the Doncaster Meeting. If any one among you did not receive the above, forward the same to any public journal, and I will forfeit One Thousand Pounds.

No answer returned without the fee and stamped addressed envelopes.

A JOCKEY IN LUCK.—George Mann, an English jockey, has been engaged by Louis Napoleon to go to France, to ride the imperial horses.

RATHER SHARP.—The London sporting journals continue their comments on the statement made by Gilpatrick, the rider of Prioress, when she lost the Goodwood Cup race. This statement, it will be remembered, was published in one of the weekly papers soon after Gilpatrick's return to this country. The English press has been rather severe on the American jockey, and attribute his losing the race to bad management. The "unkindest cut of all" we find in the London Sporting Magazine, in an article on the match between Babylon and Saunterer. The editor says:

The Babylon and Saunterer match was a good deal talked about on the road home, and we heartily hope that both in it and the Cæsarewitch, Mr. Ten Broeck's pluck will meet with a return. As for Gilpatrick's letter, we are not surprised that such a mutton-fisted muff should have written it; but we are surprised that any American sporting paper would have given first insertion to such a mass of rubbish about "burnt-up" horses and "loose reins," &c., &c. One New York paper (the CLIPPER) takes a really sensible jocular view of the Goodwood defeat.

THOROUGH-BRED RACERS.—At the recent Massachusetts State Agricultural Fair, held in that State last week, there was quite a display of thorough-bred horses, among which were "Balrownie," a celebrated English race horse, recently purchased by Mr. Quincy A. Shaw, of Boston, for $10,000, and imported here for the purpose of improving our native stock; also the blooded mare "Comfort," imported by Mr. Shaw at the same time with "Balrownie." A splendid stallion, thorough-bred, called "Sultan," was also exhibited. The display of fine horses at this exhibition was unusually interesting, and we should have been pleased had the attendance been more numerous.

SCOTTISH SPORTS.—We understand that the various curling clubs, both here and elsewhere, are making preparations for their winter game, curling on the ice. The New England Curling Club has just been notified by the Royal Caledonian Curling Club of Scotland that a silver medal has been assigned to the Boston Club, for competition among its members. As this is the first medal of the kind sent from the mother country, the competiton for its possession will doubtless prove quite spirited.

THE GOODWOOD WINNER.—At the Chantilly races, in France, Monarque, who won the Cup at Goodwood recently, has since been badly beaten by Fisherman, an English horse that run for the Goodwood.

DAW AND GLENN.—A full report of the sculling match between Messrs. Daw and Glenn, the former of New York, and the latter of Philadelphia, will be given in our next. The race was arranged for the 28th inst.

THE DELAWARE YACHT CLUB are making arrangements for a grand ball, which is to be given at Sansom Street Hall, Philadelphia, on the 28th of December.

CRICKET.

CRICKET MATCH EXTRAORDINARY—FEMALE CRICKETERS.

MEDIA, Oct 16, 1857.

TO SECRETARY OF OLYMPIAN CRICKET CLUB—We, the members of the Female Seminary of this place, (22 in number,) have consented to play a cricket match with the following named gentlemen, on the grounds of this Institution, within three weeks from this date. The "*fielding alone*" to be by gentlemen of the Tyrolean Club of this place, who have kindly volunteered their services:—Messrs. W. Morgan, C. Collis, C. Vernon, P. Wharton, J. Barker, C. Clay, M. Adams, A. Boller, J. Wister, A. Wagner, W. Purves, A. Waterman, C. B. Lathrop, S. Newlin, R. Moore, W. Howell, and James M. Linnard, all of Philadelphia. If convenient, we would much prefer Saturday, Nov. 7th, for playing the match. Very respectfully, TWENTY-TWO LADIES.

The above copy of a challenge, sent by 22 ladies of Media to the Secretary of the Olympian Club of Philadelphia, has been forwarded to us by a correspondent signing himself H. B. L., requesting its insertion in the CLIPPER. We gladly comply therewith, not merely for its novelty, but because we think that ladies might do many things less lady-like, and certainly of a far less healthy description than playing a cricket match. We admit that we are somewhat pre-disposed in favor of athletic sports, which causes us to think, perhaps, that a day's exercise on a cricket field would not be such a breach of manners, or quite so much out of place, as other persons may, even for ladies; and, again, we do not know but such amusement, in the open, bracing air, in broad day-light, with a glorious sun shining overhead, will be found quite as salutary in its results, as a night's frolic in a ball-room. This much we will vouch for, that a good run, and a good hearty laugh, will prove active agents in producing a keen appetite, and also add to the good looks, and produce a bloom on the cheeks of the fair ladies of Media, that will not soon pass away. The match will be played on Saturday, 7th November, the result of which we will endeavor to lay before our readers as soon after as possible. We venture to prophesy that the ladies will not come out second best; that is, if the affair takes place, and as we have no reason to doubt our correspondent, we think it may be taken for granted, as among the things *to be*. At any rate we have given the document as we received it, and if it turns out as *said*, still we shall have had the pleasure and satisfaction of giving the ladies our opinion on the subject of "Ladies playing at cricket."

CLOSING OF THE MANHATTAN CLUB.—The members of this club met on Thursday, 22nd inst., at Hoboken, to take their last fond look, for the season, of their beautiful and picturesque playing grounds located near the boundaries of that city in miniature. The day was everything that could be wished, the attendance numerous and punctual, so that at an early hour they were enabled to commence the sport, which was of the most lively character. The amount of cricket done was remarkable not only for its quantity but quality, also, there being a marked improvement in the play of the individual members. Play was kept up almost without intermission until the dew began to fall, when they adjourned to the Star Hotel, there to partake of those substantials which are so indispensably necessary after a good day's exercise at cricket. Friend Brooks, thinking no doubt of the danger of keeping a number of hungry cricketers too long in that uncomfortable condition, did'nt keep them long in waiting, but soon introduced them to a table loaded with the "fat of the land," gotten up in first rate style, to which each and every one did ample justice without mercy. The cloth being removed, the remainder of the evening was occupied in conviviality, and giving toasts; also, some excellent songs were sung by the company, Mr. Riley's comical ones being received with great approbation and applause. At an early hour the company began to break up, when your reporter took his departure, not, however, before he had returned thanks for the encomiums bestowed on, and the good wishes expressed for, the success of the CLIPPER in its good work of promoting the introduction of sports and amusement among the people. They all seemed to have enjoyed themselves exceedingly, being unanimous in their good opinions of cricket, their expressions being very laudatory thereof, as well as of the day's sport and entertainment generally. The club is in a very flourishing condition, and, it is expected, will be able to turn out a pretty strong team in the season of 1858.

UNION OF CINCINNATTI, VS. OLYMPIC OF PITTSBURG.—The gentlemen of the former club are in extacies over the victory obtained in their match with the gentlemen of the latter on Wednesday 14th inst. We must admit, that we also feel pleased at the result, as we believe this is their first victory. They have used unusual exertions to perfect themselves in this favorite pastime; they have learned to submit to a succession of defeats with a good grace; those defeats having served to incite them on to greater exertions and perseverance, for which they have now been rewarded. We would have preferred that their victory had been less decisive, as the game would then perhaps have been better enjoyed by their opponents, still, we understand, they enjoyed their trip vastly to Cincinnati, and were much pleased with their treatment during their sojourn among the "hearty good fellows" of that goodly city. Moreover, it is understood that they intend to return the attentions as well as the licking they received with interest if possible, in the return match, consequently we would advise our friends of the Union to keep the track clear, so as to prevent any disastrous result arising from their next collision. The Olympic boys are not that kind to give up on account of one or even more defeats, but will be found ever ready to give their friends and foes a warm reception. It does us much good to observe the name of our old friend Bradshaw of Philadelphia, in connection with this match, his bowling seems to have been very effective, and contributed much to the success of his newly found friends. The particulars of the match will be found in the score appended.

OLYMPIC.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1. Loomis b Bradshaw	16	b J. Hattersly	8
2. Pollock c Wheeldon b Bradshaw	1	c Ogden b Collins	6
3. Simpson b Wheeldon	3	b J. Hattersly	6
4. McCabe c J. Hattersly b Bradshaw	0	b Wheeldon	3
5. Burdett c Wheeldon b Bradshaw	2	b J. Hattersly	1
6. Diamond b Bradshaw	0	run out	7
7. Hastings b Wheeldon	2	c Bradshaw b Hattersly	0
8. Snodgrass b Bradshaw	1	b J. Hattersly	1
9. Murdock run out	2	b J. Hattersly	0
10. Cheeseman c Wheeldon b Bradshaw	2	not out	2
11. Sprawe not out	2	b Wheeldon	0
Byes 2, no ball 1	3	Byes 2, leg bye 1	3
Total	34	Total	37

UNION—First Innings.

1. S. Hattersly c Murdock b Loomis	1	7. Johnson b Loomis	11
2. Collins c Pollock b McCabe	0	8. Hazel c McCabe b Loomis	0
3. J. Hattersly b Loomis	5	9. Piercy not out	9
4. Bradshaw run out	2	10. Ogden b Loomis	9
5. Wheeldon b McCabe	26	11. Roscoe b Loomis	2
6. Coolidge b McCabe	7	Byes 12, leg byes 2	14
Total			92

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

OLYMPIC.

Bowlers.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
McCabe	112	56	6	3
Loomis	112	36	10	6

UNION.

Bradshaw	61	15	7	7
Wheeldon	86	25	9	8
J. Hattersly	40	6	3	6
Collins	20	13	0	1

Umpires. For Union, J. Crooks; for Olympic, J. Atkins.
Scorers. For Union, B. Buckley; for Olympic, Mr. Hillyer.

UNITED VS. TYROLEAN OF PHILADELPHIA.—The former gained a victory over the latter with two wickets to spare, on Saturday, 10th inst., on the grounds of the Hamilton club. Kennedy batted well indeed for 11 in each innings, while Graff of the opposite party deserves a corresponding eulogium for his 15 in the second innings. Annexed is the score:

TYROLEAN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1. Graff c Fisher b Wartman	0	b Fisher	15
2. Jarden b Wartman	5	run out	3
3. Thacara b Wartman	1	b Fisher	2
4. Abbett c Fisher b Wartman	1	b Beishlag	2
5. Heilman b Wartman	0	not out	0
6. Buck c Wartman b Fisher	5	b Fisher	0
7. Wood hit wicket b Beishlag	4	c and b Wartman	2
8. Moyer not out	3	c Keller b King	0
9. Bolton b Fisher	1	b Beishlag	0
Wide 1, leg bye 1	2	Byes	4
Total	22	Total	28

UNITED.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1. Kennedy c Wood b Thacara	11	b Thacara	11
2. Everhart c Thacara b Graff	1	b Graff	0
3. Wartman c Abbett b Graff	4	c Heilman b Graff	0
4. King c Buck b Graff	0	b Graff	2
5. Fisher c Bolton b Thacara	3	c Thacara b Graff	5
6. Beishlag run out	1	not out	3
7. Keller b Thacara	0	not out	1
8. Naudy b Thacara	0	not out	0
8. Habn not out	0	c Wood b Thacara	1
Bye 1, wides 2	4	Byes 2, no ball 1, wide 1	4
Total	24	Total	27

CRICKETERS' AVERAGES FOR 1857.

ALBANY CLUB, New York.—The following averages sent us by their Secretary, W. Lacy, Esq., give evidence of the ardor with which cricket has been followed up in that section, during the past season, also that the willow has been wielded with success by many of them. Comery's average of nineteen is the highest, and an excellent one at that, and if his scores in matches with other clubs hold out as well, we are of the opinion that his figure will stand A No. 1 among the best.

Names.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Average.	Over.	Times not out.	Highest Score in one Innings.
Austen	1	2	3	1-1		0	3
Beavington	1	2	14	7-0		0	14
Comery	2	4	76	19-0		0	23
Chapin	3	6	31	5-1		1	9
Cutler	3	6	19	3-1		0	14
Crandfield	1	2	3	1-1		0	3
Cooper	1	2	5	2-1		0	5
Gillespie	2	4	21	5-1		1	17
Hobbs	3	6	32	5-2		0	10
Hole	3	6	22	3-4		0	9
Hailey	1	2	15	7-1		1	10
Hughes	1	2	4	2-0		0	3
Lacy	3	6	30	5-0		0	11
Lightfoot	1	2	2	1-0		0	2
Moore	2	4	26	6-2		0	10
Rich	1	2	1	0-1		0	1
Rose	2	4	38	9-2		0	18
Smith	1	2	4	2-0		0	4
Saunders	2	4	6	1-2		1	5
Slater	2	4	24	6-0		0	10
Sunderland	3	6	8	1-2		3	3
White	2	4	40	10-0		0	23
Warnum	1	2	2	1-0		1	2

RIFLE SHOOTING FOR BEEF.—As the shooting for beef was in progress at the Pharsalia race-track, near Natchez, a few days since, a fine steer, one of the prizes to be shot for, was turned into a large yard, when he tossed one person on his horns as high as the adjacent stables, then plunged at Major Edward, postmaster of Natchez, goring and bruising the left arm. He took a particular fancy to the major, who fled to a kitchen, but could not close the door against him. While engaged thus, the laughter and panic of the first furious onset had subsided so far as to convince the riflemen around that the maddened beast must be dispatched, or he would dispatch every mother's son of them. They opened upon him, and four rifle shots only made him more furious. He plunged at a negro driver boy, sitting in a buggy, who saved himself by a leap over the side and hiding himself under the wheels. While the steer drew back to gain headway and take a sure aim against the frightened African beneath the buggy, a fifth rifle-shot did the beast's business for him. In comparison, a Havana bull-fight was nowhere.

SPORTS ABROAD.

From Bell's Life, Oct. 4.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Oct. 13.—Bos Tyler and Topper Brown—£50 a side, London.
20.—Mace and Madden—£50 a side, London.
20.—King and Clarke—£30 to £25, Liverpool.
20.—Gibbs and Clamp—£10 a side, London.
Nov. 3.—Bick and Davis—£10 a side, Cheltenham.
3.—Haley and Vickery—£10 a side, London.
Dec. 15.—Tweddle and Northumberland Bill—£90, London.
Jan. 5, 1858.—Tom Sayers and Broome's Novice—£200 a side and the Champion's Belt.
12.—Bob Brettle and Bob Travers—£100 a side, London.
13.—Bodger Crutchley and Sam Millard—£50 a side, London.

BEN CAUNT AND NAT LANGHAM.

NOTHING has been agreed upon between Nat Langham and Ben Caunt as to drawing their money or fighting again. We have seen both men. Ben Caunt talks of drawing, and making a fresh match for £500 a side if Nat will consent to a modification of articles, so as to ensure a stand-up fight. Caunt says that there is no longer any enmity or ill feeling between himself and Nat, but still he would like to try on fair ground which is really the better man. Nat also disclaims any enmity, and we have but little doubt we shall hear before very long that the men and their friends have met and settled the affair in an amicable manner, over a friendly spread.

JEM WARD AND THE LATE FIGHT.

WE have received the following from Jem Ward, which we give without comment:

"Is there no remedy?"—SHAKSPERE.

MR. EDITOR: I am induced, by the kindly mention of my name in last week's Bell's Life, as the first boxer of the age, to call your attention, and that of your sporting readers, to the startling changes which have within the last few years occurred in the theory and practice of British boxing. I trust you will pardon my remarking that more than one late recent display within "the magic circle" is anything but calculated to restore England's favorite sport to its pristine vigor, and its popularity amongst that portion of our "John Bull" community, who have ever been the best and staunchest promoters of manly sports, and who, in the hour of danger rallied round the meteor flag of England, and dauntless bade defiance to the world. Picture to yourself, sir, the amazement of that prince of British boxers, Tom Cribb, if an opponent in contesting with him had put in his one two, and then dropped at his feet, ere the champion's thunderling onslaught, which few even in his day could withstand, had equalised matters between them. My recollections of "Ould Tom" give me in my mind's eye an idea of the scorn which would have mantled his honest phiz. Let me draw your attention to the dauntless ring career of my lamented friend, the scientific "Tom Spring," than whom a gamer man never took off a shirt, or more strictly adhered to the fair and legitimate rules of English boxing; his opinion "of the dropping system," and the contempt with which he ever spoke of it, is well known to all the old patrons of the P. R. Peace to his memory! In short, sir, the hanky-panky now so much in vogue would have made "Cribb and Spring" almost split their sides with laughter. Far be it from me to depreciate the merits of any "middle weight" in attempting to gain "the top of the tree." I like to see a small man lick a "big-un" providing it is done in open manly fight, and let me venture so hope yourself and readers will not think me guilty of egotism, when I remark that from the time I was "the height of a marlinspike," scientific boxing acquirements were ever my favorite study; and how successfully my system of tactics worked into the P. R. in by-gone days is, (to say nothing of my own career) best exemplified in the clever displays of "Dick Curtis," "Young Dutch Sam," and that noble boxer and consummate general, "Owen Swift." With these men, sir, you would see that style of fine fighting, combined with daring pluck and unbending resolution, that makes an all-accomplished pugilist at once the wonder, and the envy of Europe. If I have expressed myself in this communication in a manner calculated to wound the feelings of any member of "the new school," it will be a source of regret to me—I do not wish to do so. To the best of my knowledge I have not an enemy in the world, and it would pain me to make one now, when the ring and I have shaken hands, and bade each other, in all probability, for so many years- farewell! but at the same time I cannot help, through your columns, for the benefit and guidance of the young-uns, writing a few lines on the manly art that has been the anxious study of my life. Let me only further add, that at a moment like the present, when war and its miseries assail our Indian Empire, and the tiger-knife-like propensities of our sable foes have carried death and desolation to many an English hearth, and destroyed every approach to fair play, even in their way, the boxers of England should show them and the world an example, and by a series of manly displays make a "bunch of fives," as in days of yore, a nucleus for commanding respect at home and veneration abroad; but to ensure this we must knock the "tumble-down system" once and forever overboard, clear the decks, and have done with it. Boxing, in its legitimate sense, is very far from being the vulgar art that some people suppose it to be. Very many sneer at it because they have not the brains to understand or learn its matchless beauties, and others, alas! profess to teach it who know little of it practically, and very much less theoretically. I dearly love my old art, sir, and yet hope to see the belt contested for by a brace of big-uns, on which occasion to hit, to stop, to rally, and to throw, combined with other game qualifications, without a moment's flinching will be the order of the day, as it used to be in my time. But let every future candidate for that honor remember that, if his adversary is as big as Goliah, he must beat him on his legs, he must "best" him without dropping By following this plan there is no position, however high, to which an all-accomplished, well-conducted boxer may not aspire; the road to fame is open, and, at the ringside, as well as the fireside, thrice hearty will this welcome be.

Yours, &c. JEM WARD.

King's Arms, Whitechapel Road, Oct. 1.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

TOM SAYERS AND BILL BENJAMIN.—The next deposit of £20 a side for this match was to have been made at Jemmy Massey's, Crown, Cranbourn-passage, on Wednesday, but that day being appointed for the General Fast, the deposit must be made on Thursday, at the same house.

ANOTHER CANDIDATE.—Tom Paddock is slowly but surely recovering from his dangerous illness. He is now at Brighton, but has sent £10 to us to make a match with the winner between Tom Sayers and Bill Benjamin for £200 a side, to come off in four months after the fight, by which time he hopes to be once more able to enter the P. R. He hopes Tom Sayers or Benjamin will cover the tenner at once.

BRETTLE AND BOB TRAVERS.—Harry Orme, on the part of Bob Brettle, met Bob Travers on Friday last, and drew articles for a match at 10st 12lb for £100 a side, to come off on the 12th of January. £10 a side had previously been staked in our hands, and it was arranged that the next of £10 a side should be made at Harry Orme's, Jane Shore, Shoreditch, on Wednesday last, but owing to the late hour at which the articles were left at our office this fact could not be announced in our last. The deposit, however, was duly made, and the remaining deposits are to be made as follows:—£10 a side on Thursday next at Nat Langham's (Wednesday being the Fast day); £10 a a side at Solid Coates's, Old Crown, Tower street, Birmingham, on Wednesday, Oct. 21; £10 a side at Jemmy Massey's, Crown, Cranbourne passage, Nov. 4; £10 a side at Harry Orme's, Nov. 18; £10 a side at Alec Keene's, Three Tuns, Moor street, Soho, Dec. 2; £10 a side at Bob Brettle's, White Lion, Digbeth, Dec. 16; and £20 a side at Nat Langham's, Cambrian, Castle street, Jan. 8. The weighing, which was won by Orme for Brettle, is to take place on the morning of fighting, at Harry Orme's, between seven and eight o'clock. To no other terms would the Black agree, so Orme, who had Brettle's instructions not to let Bob creep out, at once consented. Travers originally challenged Brettle for £100 or £200 a side, and it was for the larger sum Brettle consented to make the match, but again finding his opponent unwilling to close with this offer, at the last moment he once more gave way. As to weighing on the morning, we agree with Brettle that it is an inconvenient arrangement, seeing that the days will be so short as to render it difficult, under any circumstances, to bring a fight to a conclusion. Would it not be better, as Travers is afraid of Brettle getting on weight after scaling, if the men went to scale the last thing at night?

MILLARD AND CRUTCHLEY.—These men drew articles on Friday last to fight on the 13th of January, in the London district, at 9st 8lb, for £50 a side. £5 a side were staked in our hands, and the next deposit was appointed for Thursday last, at Sam Milliard's, Globe, Brick-lane, Spitalfields. Brettle sent the money to Harry Orme, who, however, did not send it to Millard's, but brought it to us, relying on an agreement which had been made at our office in our presence between Bob Brettle, for Crutchley, and Sam Millard for himself, that as long as each man's money was staked in our hands in time to be acknowledged in *Bell's Life*, it would be sufficient. Millard, however, now claims forfeit, as the money was not strictly, according to articles, deposited with him. This claim we shall not allow. The agreement between him and Brettle was a plain and straightforward one, and the fact of Brettle having sent up his money proves that his man meant business.

BRETTLE AND WALKER.—Bob Brettle has staked £5 in our hands, according to Johnny Walker's request, and will fight him in two months after his fight with Travers, for £200 a side. He hopes Walker will cover the fiver, and agree that either man failing to go on shall forfeit the £5.

PEDESTRIANISM.

EXTRAORDINARY FOOT RACE OF ONE MILE.

It is now some time since we have witnessed anything equal to the anxiety which was manifested at Copenhagen Grounds, on the 28th Sept., by thousands of persons to enter a pedestrian ground, large numbers of heavily-laden carts, whitechapels, and other descriptions of vehicles, lining the highway in front of Mr. Hayes's hostelry. The tops of the adjacent houses were crowded, and every point from which a view of the course could be commanded, was thronged by eager spectators. In consequence of there being only one way of ingress, and that an exceedingly narrow one, the place was literally besieged, and there could not have been less than 8 000 persons present at the time fixed for the race between Seville and Hosspool.

John Seville is a native of Oldham, and Thomas Hosspool is a resident of Bassford, Nottinghamshire, and both men possessed considerable fame as mile runners. Their contest of to-day was for £50 a side, Seville giving Hosspool £5 for choice of ground, and a share of the gate-money, the distance agreed upon being one mile, or three laps round. For several days previously, the betting had been exceedingly brisk, many gentlemen connected with the Turf investing their money freely as to the result. On Friday last even wagers were laid; but at the Post Office Hotel, subsequently £100 to £80 was betted on Hosspool, and 3 yovs given to lay a pony. Speculation on the ground just prior to the start was 5 to 4 on Hosspool, and in some instances wagers were made at 6 to 4 on him. With respect to the ages of the men, there does not appear to be much disparity, Seville, having been born on the 14th of February, 1828, standing 5ft 7in, and weighing about 9st 11lb. Hosspool's height is 5ft 7½in, and he weighs 7st 12lb in racing costume. Mr. James Holden of Manchester officiated as referee, and at about five o'clock the competitors entered the course, Seville having been trained by B. Taylor (alias Rocker) of Failsworth; Hosspool's preparation had been entrusted to the noted Leggy Greaves of Sheffield; both appeared in excellent condition. All being in readiness, at the third attempt Hosspool jumped off with the lead, but before they had gone 30 yards Seville passed him, being evidently desirous to make strong running. On the completion of the first lap, Seville was about two yards ahead, the pace being excellent; and they ran in this order, without the slightest visible deviation, until the second lap had been traversed. On going along the far side of the course in the final round, Hosspool got a yard nearer to his formidable opponent, and thus they raced until arriving within 130 yards of home, where Seville was breasted and passed in the next few strides by Hosspool. Notwithstanding that in the remaining distance Seville used every energy he could bring to bear, he failed again to get to the front, and Mr. Holden declared Hosspool the winner by four yards. This is the quickest mile race on record, the distance having been performed in 4min 28sec! Each man was perfectly exhausted at the finish, and was supported by his friends on leaving the ground. The course was exceedingly well kept, and the whole of the arrangements (with the exception of the confined passage for admission) reflected credit on the proprietor of the ground; but we believe he did not anticipate such an immense number of spectators being present.

CRICKET.

UNITED ALL ENGLAND VS. TWENTY-TWO OF SCOTLAND.

SEPT. 24.—Owing entirely to the most indefatigable exertions of Major Dickins, coupled with the assistance of Lord Strathmore, a cricket week came off in Scotland, which, from the appearance of the company must have delighted many hundreds. The first contest was at Edinburgh, on the Grange Club Ground, which was got into admirable order, although the previous rains made it very dead—a point always much in favor of the Twenty-two. This, however, could not be avoided, and great credit is due to young Sewell, who has had the management throughout the season. Major Dickins selected the Twenty-two, which, it will be seen, was very strong. The Major having won the toss, the Twenty-two took the first innings, which was the Thursday's performance, scoring 67, of which H. Francis, the professional engaged at Kelso, and from Cambridge, played a splendid innings of 15, and a like number was scored by Mr. Lockart. It is an honor to Scotland to boast that they have a native the best wicket-keeper in the north of England, which this gentleman most certainly is. Mr. Ranken, with more steadiness, which no doubt he will get, will make a good cricketer; his fondness for "hitting," for a young one, is far better than being cramped. Major Dickins put together 5, when he was cleverly stumped by Lockyer. On Friday the Eleven commenced their innings, and were all disposed of for 27! This was for want of "timing" the ball, and the least mistake was of course taken advantage of by the assistance of the extra fields. Mortlock managed a dozen, and made two or three remarkably fine hits. Sewell bowled admirably, but he was exceedingly unfortunate, many catches being missed off him. Major Dickins made two very fine catches, being very high and straight up—a catch that is always difficult to judge. The fielding of the Twenty-two was only just passable; the Major, Mr. Drysdale, and one or two others, however, especially distinguished themselves, as did also Mr. Lockart, as keeper of the wicket. In the second innings of Scotland Mr. Ranken was the only one who made a double figure, when, being too fond of "skying" on the "on" side, he was well caught by Lillywhite. Captain Boothby make a long stand for 6 singles, and Mr. Mackenzie also played well for 6, which number Mr. Duncan also contributed, realizing altogether a total of 57, thus leaving the English 98 to get to win. They commenced very badly. The first and second went for 1, third and fourth for 2, and the fifth wicket for 3 runs! These were Mortlock, Griffith, Lockyer, Caffyn, and Ellis. Lillywhite and Wisden here came to the rescue, and when they had just "collared" the bowling, Wisden received a severe blow in the eye, which compelled him to leave the field until it had been dressed. This was most unfortunate at a time when the Major was offering "a pound to the bowler for a wicket." Wisden, who had scored but eight singles (after Grundy had been disposed of,) again made his appearance, but, of course, not with his former confidence, and Tinley, whose fast bowling ought now entirely to extinguish his sows, bowled him. Bell came and made 10, and it then looked as if victory would be obtained by the Eleven. Brampton, however, got one past him. Eight wickets had now been disposed of for 55 runs. Wright here joined Lillywhite, and another "hold" was effected, so much so that they increased the score to 78, when Wright was most splendidly caught—not at point or mid-wicket, but in between the two. Tinley could only just reach it, and fell in securing it. There is no doubt that the blow of Wisden and this catch did wonders towards obtaining Scotland their hard-earned victory. We understand no less than sixteen were *bona fide* scotchmen. Lillywhite, therefore, had to bring out his bat for a score of 39, obtained in a masterly manner. He was loudly applauded as he wended his way to the pavilion. The Twenty-two, therefore, proved victorious by 23 runs. The United were most hospitably entertained by Major Dickins and other gentlemen of the Twenty two, and on the last day the whole of them were invited to dine together. Score:

SCOTLAND.

	First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1.	Earl of Rothes b Wisden	0	b Wisden	3
2.	Earl of Strathmore run out	3	c Wisden b Caffyn	2
3.	Capt. Boothby hit wicket b Caffyn	3	b Wisden	6
4.	H. Francis c Wright b Caffyn	15	c and b Wisden	4
5.	D. D. Whigham, Esq., b Caffyn	0	c Lockyer b Caffyn	2
6.	J. Duncan, Esq., c Dean b Wisden	0	c Wright b Caffyn	6
7.	Brampton c Grundy b Wisden	3	c Ellis b Caffyn	7
8.	R. C. Tinley c and b Caffyn	0	c and b Caffyn	0
9.	Maj Dickins st Lockyer b Caffyn	5	c Lillywhite b Caffyn	1
10.	F. M. Lipscombe, Esq., run out	1	c Griffith b Wisden	2
11.	J. Mackenzie, Esq., b Caffyn	0	c Dean b Caffyn	6
12.	T. Sewell, jun., c Motlock b Caffyn	2	c Griffith b Caffyn	0
13.	W. P. Lockhart, Esq., b Wisden	15	c Wisden b Caffyn	0
14.	A. Stewart, Esq., c Wright b Caffyn	0	c Lockyer b Caffyn	3
15.	R. B. Ranken, Esq., run out	7	c Lillywhite b Wisden	10
16.	H. T. Moncrieff, Esq., b Wisden	1	b Wisden	0
17.	T. Tod, Esq., run out	0	st Lockyer b Wisden	1
18.	Robertson, Esq., hit wicket b Wisden	0	absent	0
19.	B. L. Foster, Esq., b Wisden	1	not out	0
20.	A. Y. Watt, Esq., b Griffith	2	b Wisden	0
21.	Drysdale, Esq., c Wisden b Griffith	0	b Wisden	0
22.	W. Moncrieff, Esq., not out	2	st Lockyer b Caffyn	2
	Bye 1, leg byes 4, wides 2	7	Leg bye 1, wide 1	2
	Total	67	Total	57

ENGLAND.

	First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1.	Grundy c Tod b Brampton	4	c Brampton b Tinley	2
2.	Wright c Lockhart b Brampton	0	c Tinley b Brampton	7
3.	Wisden c Watt b Brampton	1	b Tinley	8
4.	Caffyn c Dickins b Brampton	1	b Brampton	1
5.	C. Ellis run out	4	c Tinley b Brampton	1
6.	Lillywhite c Drysdale b Brampton	0	not out	39
7.	Lockyer b Brampton	0	c Mackenzie b Brampton	0
8.	Bell b Sewell	1	b Brampton	10
9.	Mortlock c Drysdale b Brampton	12	c Dickins b Sewell	0
10.	Griffith c Dickins b Brampton	3	c Drysdale b Sewell	1
11.	Dean not out	1	b Tinley	0
			Byes 3, leg bye 1, wide 1	5
	Total	27	Total	74

THE TURF.

AMERICAN HORSES IN ENGLAND.

THEIR PROGRESS ON THE BRITISH TURF.

PONTEFRACT RACES—PRYOR STARTS.

From the London Morning Times, Sept. 27.

THE Pontefract race course is one of the best in the kingdom, being nearly two miles round, perfectly free from objectionable turns, and of great width in every part. It is of most excellent turf, and situated close to the town, with a substantial grand stand, which of late years has undergone considerable repairs, so that the committee do all in their power to meet the views of the racing community. The amount of added money is on the most liberal scale, close upon 500 sovereigns for the two days. We are sorry to say that the meeting this year has not been a successful one, although the added money had been increased in two or three instances and the meeting had been placed under very able management. The stand was thinly attended on both days, but the show of company on the course was immense, especially on the first day.

TUESDAY, Sept. 22.—The Leicestershire Handicap of 100 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, 5ft., and 3 only if declared; the second winner to receive 10 sovs. out of the stakes. Winners extra. One mile and a half. 34 subs., 18 of whom pay 3 sovs. forfeit.

Mr. Allison's Evelyn, by Pompey, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb.....Wood 1
Mr. B. Land's Weatherglass, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb (including 7lb extra).....Pritchard 2
Mr. Wilkin's Oakball, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb.....D. Hughes 3
Mr. J. Dawson's Agra, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb.....French 4
Mr. Melbeh's Rotterdam, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb.....Custance 5
Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Pryor, 5 yrs, 8st 6lb.....Charlton 6
Lord W. Powlett's Saraband, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb.....S. Rogers 7
Mr. R. Sutton's Cockatoo, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb.....Kendall 8
Mr. Townsend's Adam, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb.....Perry 9

BETTING—2 to 1 against Weatherglass—4 to 1 agains Cockatoo—5 to 1 against Oakball—6 to 1, each, against Evelyn and Agra—8 to 1 against Pryor.

As the flag was lowered the colors of Evelyn were seen conspicuous in the van—Oakball, Saraband, Rotterdam, and Pryor clustering in her wake. *As they neared the far turn Pryor rushed to the front*, and led past the stand, with Saraband laid up, Rotterdam, Weatherglass, Cockatoo, Oakball, and Evelyn following, in the order named. On rounding the next turn Saraband went up to Pryor. Rotterdam going on third. Weatherglass fourth, the others, with the exception of Adam, who was already beaten, lying well together. *Pryor bore his "stripes" in front, to the far turn, when he dropped back*, and Saraband likewise disappeared from the leading horses, leaving Evelyn again in possession of the lead, with Weatherglass in waiting, Oakball lying third. At the distance Oakball was beaten, and the issue of the race was left with Evelyn and Weatherglass; the latter made a game but ineffectual effort to collar his opponent, and was beaten by half a length. Oakball, who was not persevered with towards the finish, was three lengths behind Weatherglass; about a length and a half separated Oakball from Agra.

BABYLON IN THE SCURRY HANDICAP.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 23.—The Scurry Handicap of 50 sovs., (40 sovs. given by the members for the county, and 10 by the committee,) added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, 3 ft.; a winner of any handicap, after the weights were declared, 7lb. extra. Half a mile. 17 subs.

Mr. Cliff's bay colt Olympus, by Epirus, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb....Fordham 1
Captain Christie's Nougat, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb.....Bullock 2
Mr. Cliff's Old Tom, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb.....Withington 3
Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Babylon, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb.....Charlton 4
Mr. Fey's Caitrip, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb.....Wiltshire 5
Sir L. Newman's Madame Clicquot, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb.....French 6

Betting: six to four against Olympus, five to two against Nougat, five to one against Babylon.

Nougat was first off, but, after going about fifty yards, Old Tom took the lead. At the foot of the hill, Olympus went to the front, made the rest of the running, and won by two lengths; a length and a half between the second and third; bad fourth.

PRIORESS BEATEN AT CHESTER.

MONDAY, October 5.—THE SHORTS HANDICAP of ten sovereigns each, half forfeit, with fifty added, for all ages; winners of any handicap of the value of one hundred sovereigns clear after September 8th, five pounds extra; the second to save his stake, and the winner to pay seven sovereigns towards expenses; seven furlongs; twenty subs.

Mr. Dodsworth's b f Skycutter, by Birdcatcher, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb.....Challoner 1
Mr. La Mert's br f Katherine Logie, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb, in. 5lb ex..Bray 2
Mr. Gill's b g Bourgeois, aged, 8st 5lb.....J. Gill 3
Mr. Capel's b g Welham, 6 yrs, 7st 2lb.....Cross well 4
Mr. Barber's ch c Lord Nelson, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb, in. 5lb ex.....Dales 5
Mr. Parker's br g Blue Rock, 4 yrs, 6st 8lb.....F. Adams 6
Mr. R. Ten Broeck's b f Priorress, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb, carried 6st 11lb
G. Fordham..... 7

Betting: five to two against Welham, seven to two each against Lord Nelson and Blue Rock, five to one against Priorress, and seven to one against Skycutter, whose restiveness caused four false starts. Twice in succession she broke away and ran round the course, and when the flag fell at the fifth attempt, jumped off with the lead; Bourgeois, Lord Nelson, and the favorite laid side by side at her heels. Priorress and Blue Rock about a length each from them, the off being Katherine Logie. The last-mentioned pair gave the American filly the go-by at the half mile post, and joining Welham at the straight, the trio came on together close in the wake of Lord Nelson and Bourgeois, both of whom, on the outside, raced at the girths of the light weight to the distance, where the lot, Priorress excepted, closed, and finished a splendid race, Skycutter, (never fairly reached,) winning by a neck, Katherine saving her stake in the last two strides by a head from Bourgeois, who beat the favorite by a neck, and half a length each divided Lord Nelson and Blue Rock from him; Priorress beaten off.

SPLENDID TRIUMPH OF PRIORESS!

THE CÆSAREWITCH STAKES WON BY THE AMERICAN HORSE.

ENTRIES AND WEIGHTS FOR THE CÆSAREWITCH.

Newmarket, Friday, October 13.

The Cæsarewitch Free Handicap of 25 sovs each, 15 ft, with 200 added by the Jockey Club, for three year olds and upwards; the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger 12 lb, the second in the St. Leger, or the winner of the Doncaster Cup or the Great Yorkshire Handicap 6 lb, of any handicap value 200 sovs, including the winner's own stake, after Sept 4, 3lb extra; the extra weights not to be accumulative; the second to receive 50 sovs out of the stakes, and the winner to pay 30 sovs to the judge; Cæsarewitch Course; 71 subs.

	age	st	lb
Fisherman	4	9	3
Neville	6	8	12
Warlock (in 6lb extra)	4	8	11
Poodle	a	8	8
Mary	5	8	6
Melissa	4	8	5
Saunterer (inc 2lb extra)	3	8	5
Commotion (inc 6lb ex)	3	8	0
Aleppo	4	7	13
St. Giles	3	7	12
Pryor	5	7	12
Rouzi	5	7	11
Buck Tommy	3	7	11
Artillery	4	7	6
Mr Sykes	a	7	5
Gunboat	3	7	5
Tasmania	3	7	5
Pasha Bazouk	3	7	4
Mongrel (h b)	3	7	3
Dulcamara	3	7	3
Kestrel	4	7	2
Fright	3	6	12
Zigzag	a	6	12
Emulator	4	6	11
Mysterious Jack	3	6	11
Cerva	4	6	11
Morgan Rattler	a	6	11
Apathy	3	6	10
Victoria	4	6	10
El Hakim	3	6	9
Priorress	4	6	9
Odd Trick	3	6	9
The Poacher	a	6	9
Vandermulin	4	6	8
Lawn	4	6	7
M. Dobler	3	6	7
Arta	3	6	7
C by Epirus—Bicot's dam (inc 3lb extra)	3	6	7
Renown	3	6	6
Prestbury	4	6	6
Eloquence	4	6	2
Sluggard	5	6	2
Peeping Tom	3	6	2
C by Surplice—Beeswax	3	6	1
Shanghae	a	6	1
December	5	6	1
Cedric	3	6	0
Illuminator	4	5	12
Hamlet	3	5	12
Barfleur	4	5	12
Relapse	3	5	12
Lima	3	5	12
Bannockburn	3	5	10
Alice	5	5	10
Dusty Miller	3	5	9
Martinet	3	5	9
Janet	3	5	8
Aster	3	5	8
Worcester	3	5	8
C by Alarm out of Plush	3	5	7
Rosati	4	5	4
Gen. Bosquet	3	5	4
Saccharissa	3	5	4
Humbug	3	5	3
Kenerdy	3	5	1
Moose	3	5	1
The Baker	3	4	12
Queen Bess	3	4	10
Wild Honey	3	4	10
Malacca	4	(pd)	
Sis to Elfrida	3	(dead)	

THE race for the great Cæsarewitch handicap at Newmarket, England, resulted in the triumph of Mr. Ten Broeck's Priorress. Thirty four horses ran, and on the first attempt there was a dead heat between Priorress, El Hakim and Queen Bess. The deciding race between these three was won cleverly by Priorress by a length and a half. The success of the American horse was greeted with great cheering, and Priorress became first favorite in the betting for the Cambridgeshire stakes, to be run for at Newmarket on the 27th of October. Before the race, one hundred to one was laid against Priorress. The value of the stakes exceeded £2,000 sterling.

From the London Post, Oct. 14.

TUESDAY, October 13.—The Cæsarewitch stakes, a free handicap of twenty four sovereigns each, fifteen feet, with two hundred added by the Jockey Club; certain penalties, the second to receive fifty sovereigns out of the stakes. Cæsarewitch Course, (two miles two furlongs twenty-eight yards,) seventy-one subs.

Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Priorress, by Sovereign, 4 yrs, 6st 9lb..Taukesly †
Capt. Smith's El Hakim, by the Cure, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb.....Little †
Mr. Saxon's Queen Bess, by Alarm, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb.....Grimshaw †
Mr. Simpson's Fright, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb.....Plumb 4

The following also ran:

Mr. J. B. Starkey's Fisherman, 4 yrs, 9st 3lb.....Wells
Mr. A. Nichol's Warlock, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb, in. 6lb ex.....Flatman
Mr. Mundy's Poodle, aged, 8st 8lb.....A. Day.
Mr. Jackson's Saunterer, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb, in. 3lb ex.....J. Osborne
Lord Ribblesdale's St. Giles, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb.....Fordham.
Madame La Tache de Fay's Rouzi, 5 yrs, 7st 11lb.....W. Abdale.
Mr. R. Sutton's Black Tommy, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb.....Kendall.
Mr. T. Hawkin's Gunboat, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb.....Prior.
Sir R. Buckeley's Tasmania, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb.....Carlton.
Mr. J. Day's Zigzag, aged, 6st 12lb.....Bray.
Mr. T. Hughes's Emulator, 4 yrs, 6st 11lb.....D. Hughes.
Sir J. B. Mills' Cerva, 4 yrs, 6st 11lb.....Grimmer.
Mr. T. Parr's Odd Trick, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb.....Ducker.
Mr. Ellis's The Poacher, aged, 6st 9lb.....J. Rogers.
Capt. Christie's Lawn, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb.....Pritchard.
Mr. Delmeald's M. Dobler, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb.....Covey.
Mr. Daley's Renown, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb.....Brown.
Duke of Bedford's Eloquence, 4 yrs, 6st 2lb.....Carter.
Mr. T. Cliff's Sluggard, 5 yrs, 6st 2lb.....Walters.
Mr. W. Day's December, 5 yrs, 6st 1lb.....F. Adams.
Mr. Gulliver's Illuminator, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb.....Wood.
Captain Lane's Barfleur, 4 yrs, 5st 12lb.....Challoner.
Mr. W. Saunder's Lima, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb, car. 8st 13lb..L. Snowden.
Mr. S. Williams's The Dusty Miller, 3 yrs, 5st 9lb.....Faulkner.
Lord W. Powlett's Martinet, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb.....Custance.
Mr. Payne's colt by Alarm—Plush, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb.....Rayner.
Mr. Greville's Rosati, 4 yrs, 5st 4lb.....A. Edwards.
Mr. Alexander's Humbug, 3 yrs, 5st 3lb.....Beggs.
Capt. White's Moose, 3 yrs, 5st 1lb.....Perry.
Mr. King's Wild Honey, 3 yrs, 4st 10lb.....Daley.

BETTING AT STARTING.

4 to 1 against M. Dobler, 8 to 1 against El Hakim, 12 to 1 against Warlock, 100 to 8 against Lima, 100 to 7 against Rosati, 15 to 1 against Plush colt, 20 to 1 against Martinet, 20 to 1 against Tasmania, 25 to 1 against Emulator, 30 to 1 against Queen Bess, 33 to 1 each against Fright, Zigzag and Fisherman, 40 to 1 against Poodle, 50 to 1 each against Barfleur, December and Dusty Miller, 60 to 1 each against Eloquence and St. Giles, and 100 to 1 each against Priorress and Sluggard. The flag was dropped to a beatiful start. Dusty Miller bore his colors to the front, with Queen Bess, Cerva, M. Dobler and the Plush colt following nearly in the order named; Odd Trick, Fright, Emulator, Zigzag, Warlock, Priorress and Poodle lying in the middle of the ruck. These positions were unchanged until reaching the Ditch, when Cerva

backed to the front, Queen Bess being in close attendance upon her, with Odd Trick third, Emulator, El Hakim, Prioress, Fright, Zigzag, Warlock and the Plush colt forming the next lot. At the Bushes the pace began to tell, and Warlock, Plush colt, and Poodle dropped back, and Cerva resigned the lead to Queen Bess. As they descended the hill, Odd Trick, Emulator and Zigzag also disappeared from the front. On approaching the cords, Queen Bess, with El Hakim at her neck, still held a slight lead, with Prioress running by herself on the far side third; Fright, Zigzag, Warlock, and Emulator showing in front of the ruck. One of the most exciting Cæsarewitch finishes ever seen then ensued. Prioress, half way up the cords, seemed to be about coming in alone, but the tiny jockeys of El Hakim and Queen Bess made a determined set-to, and the judge, unable to separate the first three, pronouced a dead heat with Prioress, Qeeen Bess and El Hakim. Fright was next, about a length and a half behind; Zigzag was fifth, about a length in advance of Warlock, who was sixth, and Martinet seventh; Emulator and Saunterer headed the next lot that straggled in. In the extreme rear, pulled up, were St. Giles, Wild Honey, Poodle, Fisherman, Black Tommy, and the Poacher.

DECIDING HEAT.

Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Prioress, by Sovereign (bred in America), 4 years, 6st. 9lb.....Fordham 1
Captain Smith's El Hakim, 3 years, 6st. 9lb.....Bray 2
Mr. Sexton's Queen Bess, 3 years, 4st. 10lb.....Grimshaw 3

Betting—5 to 4 against El Hakim; 2 to 1 against Prioress, and 3 to 1 against Queen Bess. The "heat" was run after the last race in a deepening twilight, which rendered it impossible to distinguish the colors of the riders at a distance. El Hakim was first off, but after going about fifty yards, Prioress, overpowering Fordham, rushed to the front and carried on the running to the Ditch gap, where she was pulled back, and lay about three lengths in the rear, Queen Bess going on with the lead, closely attended by El Hakim. *On coming down the Bushes Hill Prioress hung to the left, and a shout was raised of "The American's beaten!" but Fordham roused the mare with his whip, and before reaching the foot of the hill she bore her colors in advance, and, quitting her opponents half way up the cords, won cleverly by a length and a half;* El Hakim beating Queen Bess by a head only for the second place. *A loud and prolonged cheer hailed the triumph of the American colors,* and Mr. Ten Broeck was warmly congratulated upon the first victory achieved by him in England. An objection was made by the rider of Queen Bess against the rider of El Hakim on the ground of a cross.

STILL LATER FROM ABROAD.

From Bell's Life, October 11.

The Late Fight between Ben Caunt and Nat Langham.

BEN CAUNT has called on us to say his friends are anxious that he should fight out his battle with Nat Langham, to decide who shall take the money; and he is therefore willing to fight him, for the money down, in six or eight weeks from Tuesday next. The battle to be fought out strictly according to the letter of the rules of the Ring. After seeing Caunt Nat also favored us with a visit, and, on learning Ben's proposition, said he would fight him as soon as he liked on the proposed terms, provided that Ben would promise not to fall on him, or hug him, or squeeze him on the ropes. So there are still hopes that the affair may, after all, be decided in a sportsman-like manner.

In reply to Jem Ward's letter, (published elsewhere,) the following has been forwarded to us for publication. The letter is anonymous, but still, as the subject is one worthy of discussion, we readily give it insertion :—

"SIR: The letter that appears in your last from so redoubtable a person as an ex-champion deserves reply. The utterance of retired chiefs, to whatever class they belong, merits some notice. The composition of mine host is remarkable for a certain amount of weak reasoning and a still further infusion of meagre platitudes. With what grace *Ward* can complain of the dropping system let the ring-goers declare, who know him and his antecedents too well to stand imposition of this virtuous anger. It must not be forgotten that it is to this celebrated Ex-tender that we are indebted for the introduction of the system; it is he who was the Mentor of one of the primest practitioners of that particular branch of his 'old art'—it was he who found out this going down ability of the bold Bendigo; and it is now when the tutelage is turned against himself that he breaks out into this wailing appeal on behalf of his big nominee. If he has been anxious to purify the Ring, why has he not attended the association and remonstrated against the continuation of any rule tending to prevent fairness. Did he not know before the fight, while the match was pending, even to the moment before its action, that the rule was in force? But it was mainly upon that rule that reliance was placed by the Caunt party to get out of the fight by waiting for a good claim of foul arising from a fall at the ropes. It was manifest that though a giant may have strength, he may not use it like one; if it were so, then the going down game would be baulked, for then the big un would have gone right un to his man's head and have dropped him, without any volition on the part of opponent of said giant. This was Paddock's style with the Nottingham champion; in fact, it is allowed that Paddock was the only man who effectually collared Bendigo's accomplishment of devotional fighting. The result, however, was tongued as a triumph for the lambs; but there was no ex-champion to declaim against the catch. It is a proposition, 'which nobody can deny,' that the Ring is purer in its practices now than at any time during Ward's career. There were practices, compared with which the rule tolerating the conditional going down to avoid is a dove-like manœuvre, for there were buttings, gougings, and other practices of an equally disreputable nature. The raw in Ward's letter is very visible. He has an objection to a middle weight attempting to reach the tree top. Is there any occasion to say that Seyers has more than attempted the position, for he has gained it after a manner that will bear comparison with anything ever done by preceding champions. But Jem wishes to have a contest with big uns, which, as a sight, might afford some comfort to ophthalmic patients; for, with our present knowledge of the giants, bulky build, a square attitude, and wooden, ineffective delivery, are their salient points. Your paper of to-day shows, however, that the pretensions of the big ones are not yet disposed of, and the Black Diamond may live to see—nay, I hope he will live long after having seen—a little one lick a big-un, and so may the other desire of his be gratified. Further, Ward was not the biggest of his day, when he girthed himself with the belt, but then he was the best, and that made him champion; and he might give his advice unaccompanied with a sneer, if he will persist in giving it. It is easier to commend the good men of a former day than to admire the system of their time; they were great in spite of great difficulty, but no lover of the Ring desired to see the old rules restored. As a modification of the rule, I would suggest that it shall not be competent for a man to go down intentionally, until blows have been exchanged in any given round. This would bring about a rally, and we should get more fight out of the time, the referee to be always the sole arbiter of the intention, or the interchange of the counter stroke.

"Oct. 1, 1857. Yours truly, DON."

In addition to the above we have received the following letters :

"QUEEN'S HEAD, Duke street, West Smithfield, October 8, 1857.

"DEAR SIR: I beg leave to forward you a few words, for the purpose of causing the sudden death of the 'dropping system' in prize fights:

"'That it shall be deemed foul for any man to fall down *purposely*, unless in a close. That a man shall keep on his feet unless forced to go down.'

"Should you approve of this clause in articles, I will take the liberty of forwarding another proposition for your consideration.

"I remain, dear sir, yours respectfully, PETER CRAWLEY."

"MR. EDITOR: I have read with much pleasure the excellent letter of my friend and brother-in-arms, James Ward. It echoes the sentiments, I am convinced, of every man who wishes to fight fairly, and act honorably. I sincerely thank the worthy ex Champion for his vigorous endeavor to sustain the purity and honesty of that palladium of British courage, the British Prize Ring, and remain,

"Yours truly, BENJAMIN CAUNT.

"P. S. I beg to call the special attention of all persons interested in pugilistic combats to the 13th rule of the P. B. A., which runs thus: 'That it shall be a fair stand-up fight,' and if either man shall wilfully throw himself down without receiving a blow, whether blows shall have previously been exchanged or not, he shall have been deemed to have lost the battle; but that this rule shall not apply to a man who in a close slips down from the grasp of his opponent to avoid punishment, or from obvious accident or weakness." Have I availed myself of this rule? Let any impartial spectator of my late fight answer. I contend that I had a claim of victory nearly every round except in those in which I knocked my man down. I make these observations because it appeared in *Bell's Life* that my antagonist fought 'just within the rules of the ring.'"

BEN BUTLER wishes us to state that his anxiety for his nephew; and the feeling that he was being bested, was the cause of his using "unparliamentary" language at the late great fight. If he unintentionally insulted any gentleman, he wishes to apologize, and to assure him that nothing but the feeling that he was doing his best for his boy could have induced him to make such a mistake.

FIGHT FOR TUESDAY NEXT.—BOB TYLER AND TOPPER BROWN, £50 A SIDE.—The final deposit of £5 a side for this match was duly made on Thursday last. There was a large muster of the Fancy, and a good deal of stormy discussion took place. Eventually, however, arrangements were entered into as to the whereabouts. Both men are in first rate trim, and both being clever, an interesting match is to be expected.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—TOM SAYERS AND BILL BENJAMIN.—Another deposit of £20 a side for this, "the affair" of the season, was duly tabled at Jemmy Massey's, Crown, Cranbourne passage, Leicester-square, on Thursday evening, in the presence of a room full of company. Bill Benjamin himself was present, and appeared in excellent health and spirits. He expressed himself as very confident as to the result, and intimated that he would not have the match go off on any account. The next deposit of £20 a side is to be made at Nat Langham's, Cambrian, Castle-street, Leicester-square, on Wednesday week.

A SLASHING FIGHT took place on Monday at Hartley Bottom, near Cheltentham, for £5 a side, between Dan Keefe and Jem Paul, which lasted two hours and 45 minutes, during which 127 rounds were fought, when Dan Keefe came off victorious.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

THE CHESS CONGRESS.

THE very important and significant results attained since our last will make but a meagre show on paper, but the interest centering upon each game is rapidly intensifying. Nobody now hesitates to say openly that the awarding of the two first prizes in both Tournaments is now a foregone conclusion. Of course this partially blunts the edge of expectancy.

GRAND TOURNAMENT.—2D ROUND.

3..Drawn, 1; Mr. Marache, 2; Dr. Raphael, 3, and the match.

THIRD ROUND.

1..Drawn, 1; Mr. Lichtenhein, 0; Mr. Morphy, 2.
2..Mr. Paulsen has scored one game vs. Dr. Raphael, and they have another on the board which promises to last the rest of this week.

MINOR TOURNAMENT.—1ST ROUND.

1..Drawn, 1; Mr. Feldner, 0; Mr. Dunning, 3, and the match.
2..Drawn, 1; Mr. Dodge, 2; Mr. Miller, 3, and the match.

SECOND ROUND.

1..Drawn, 0; Mr. Julien, 1; Mr. Horner, 3, and the match.
2..Drawn, 0; Mr. Anderson, 0; Mr. Solomons, 3, and the match.
3..Drawn, 0; Mr. Dunning, 0; Mr. Mantin, 3, and the match.
4..Drawn, 0; Mr. Miller, 1; Lieut. Seebach, 3, and the match.

THIRD ROUND.

As with the other, so in this Tournament, the four gentlemen who win their way to this round will be the four prize bearers.

1..Drawn, 0; Mr. Mantin, 0; Mr. Solomons, 2.
2..Drawn, 0; Lieut. Seebach, 1; Mr. Horner, 2.

PLAYING BLINDFOLD.

The last and most astonishing feat of five simultaneous games by Mr. Paulsen resulted as follows:—With Messrs. Heilbuth, Oscanyan, Frere, and Dr. Haws, he won; with Mr. Dodge the game was drawn. The longest games ran something over six hours.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A. S., Springfield, Ohio.—Game below. Please accept our thanks for the pains taken to follow our notation. Anything else for us?

E. S. B., Pittsfield, Mass.—Yours of 17th inst. rec'd, with remittance. The papers will be forthcoming—if we have them. Answered privately; "bill" two P. O. stamps, and one for letter. 2d letter received. Please direct "CLIPPER OFFICE, 30 Ann street, N. Y.," and you will save us delay (the reason of a non-reply last week) and extra expense. Thanks for the promise. We now want a couple of your good problems.

UN PION, Philad'a.—Thanks for the information and invitation. We should be happy indeed to avail ourselves of it.

SOMERVILLE, N. Y.—Solution correct. It would be quite useless to publish your challenge, except as to beginners; and in no case would any one render you such odds, and then play by correspondence.

CHALLENGE.—Two of our readers, young players, wish to play a game with any other two of like standing, to a game by correspondence. Replies may be made through us, or addressed to Wm. V. Weham, New York city.

WM. A. C. E.—Solution of Problem No. 84, correct.

CLERK, N. Y.—Categorically then. P to K 4 means Pawn to King's fourth square, and Q B to K 3, Queen's Bishop to Rook's third. But we advise you, for such elementary instruction, which we have once been carefully all over in the CLIPPER, to visit the Editor's private chess soirees on Wednesday or Monday evenings, and take a regular series of lessons; or, at least, procure Agnel's "Chess for Winter Evenings."

X. Y. Z., SENIOR.—You answer that apparently eccentric *debut*, correctly. It is almost sure to run into a simple "Giuoco Piano." It is not altogether unknown.

E. J. W., Boston.—Alonzo says he is not "enlightened" fully, by your solution of No. 83. Suppose Black move Q to B 8th, followed by Q takes P? Will E. J. W. once more elucidate.

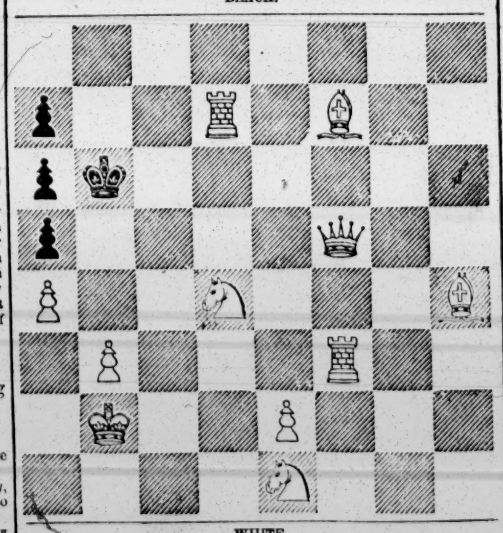
A LEARNER, Lockport, N. Y.—Your variation of Problem No. 83 appears to be correct. The challenge may as well stand as it is, till we see who accepts.

METELLUS, Boston, Mass.—"Lopez" bids us say to you that on account of "De Prefontaine's" last note, he will now accept your challenge; and, true to his name, will play the Attack, and the "LOPEZ GAMBIT."

PROBLEM NO. 85.—BY THEO. M. BROWN.

CHALLENGE TO E. S. BREWSTER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate with the Kt's P in *twenty-four* moves, without taking or allowing Black to move a P.

GAME NO. 85.

The following most remarkable game has just been contested between Dr. C. S. and Sylvio, both of Springfield, Ohio, as a match game for $100.

IRREGULAR OPENING.

Attack, Dr. C. S.	Defence, Sylvio.	Attack, Dr. C. S.	Defence, Sylvio.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	23..Q Kt to his 6 +	K to Q B 2
2..Q-K R 5	Q-K B 3	24..K Kt-K 6 +	K-Q B 3
3..P-Q 4	K Kt-R 3	25..P-Q 5 +	Kt x Q P
4..Q x K P +	Q-K 2	26..K Kt-Q 4 +	K-Q B 4
5..K Kt-R 3	P-Q 3	27..P-Q Kt 4 +	K x Kt P
6..Q-her Kt 5 +	P-Q B 3	28..P-Q R 3 +	K-Q R 4
7..Q-her Kt 3	Q x K P +	29..Q Kt-B 4 +	K-Q R 3
8..Q-K 3	P-Q 4	30..Q B-Q Kt 6	Kt x Q B
9..K B-Q 3	Q-K 3	31..Q R-Kt sq	Kt x Kt
10..Q B-Q 2	K Kt-B 4	32..K R x Kt P	K R x K P +
11..B x Kt	Q-K 2	33..K-his B 2	Q R-K B sq +
12..Q B-Q Kt 4	P-Q B 4	34..K-his Kt sq	Q B-K 5
13..B x P	Q x Q +	35..K R-Q Kt 4	Q B-Q 4
14..P x Q	Q B x K B	36..K R-Q R 4 +	Kt-Q R 4
15..K R-K B sq	Q B-K Kt 3	37..Kt-Q Kt 3	K B-Q B 2
16..Q Kt-R 3	Q Kt-B 3	38..Kt-Q B 5 +	K-Q R 2
17..Q Kt-his 5	Q R-Q sq	39..Kt-Q 7	Q R-K sq
18..Q Kt-B 7	K-Q 2	40..K-his B 2	K R-K 7 +
19..Kt x Q P	K B-Q 3	41..K-his B sq	Q B x Kt P +
20..K Kt-his 5	K R-K sq	42..K-Kt sq	Q B-his 3
21..K R x B P +	K Kt-K 2	43..K R-Q Kt 4	K B x R P +
22..Q B x R P	K-Q B sq	44..K-his B sq	Q B-Kt 7, mate.

ENIGMA NO. 85.—BY EDWIN J. WELLER.

AN OLD (AND INCORRECT) FRIEND IN A NEW DRESS.

WHITE.—K at his B sq; Q at her R 5; R at K R 2; B's at K R 6, and Q R 6; Kt at Q B 7; P's at K Kt 3, K B 2, Q B 2, and Q Kt 3d.
BLACK.—K at Q Kt sq; Q at K R sq; R's at Q B 5, and 6; B at K 2; P's at K Kt 5, Q 3, Q Kt 5, and Q R 2d.
White to play and mate in six moves.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA.

GAME FIRST.—SCOTCH GAMBIT.

White—Boston.	Black—Philadelphia
17..R takes B	Q to K 2
18..Q B to K B 4	P to Q B 4
19..K R to Q 7	

GAME SECOND—EVANS GAMBIT.

White—Philadelphia.	Black—Boston.
17..B to Q 5	Q R to Q Kt sq
18..P to Q R 4	P to Q Kt 5
19..Q Kt to Q 2	

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND METELLUS.

White—X. Y. Z.	Black—Metellus.
15..K B takes B	K B P takes K B
16..Kt to K 6	Q to K 2
17..Kt takes R	R takes Kt

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND EN PRISE.

Black—X. Y. Z.	White—En Prise.
10..P to Q 4	Q to K 2
11..Castles	Q B to Q 2
12..Q B to Q 2	

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

☞ We are receiving letters from our contributors from "Maine to the Rocky Mountains," on the subject of the coming Draught Congress. This is what we want, friends. Forward your views, and we will let each know what the other thinks. Next week we propose publishing a list of those who are "for the Tournament." Who speaks?

DRAUGHTS.

Another exciting match in prospect, for $100, between the "Nonpareil," of Newark, N. Y., and "Rough and Ready," of Buffalo.

BUFFALO, October, 1857.

Mr. F., of Newark, who is, no doubt, worthy of that cognomen, was in town lately, and stumped "Rough and Ready" for a $200 match, to come off in the course of the winter, and offered to deposit $50 as an earnest of his sincerity. We understand that Mr. F. has had the good fortune to secure the very valuable services of "Harry," who will use his utmost endeavors to bring Mr. F. forward in the best possible trim. Perhaps we may be shouldering too much when we say that Mr. D.'s* (of your city) aid will be called in question for our fellow-citizen.

Should "Rough and Ready" accept, I shall then post you with the particulars, as also to explain the reason why it appears as if Buffalo *versus* Buffalo had a hand in the game. Yours, SPECTATOR.

* Pretended champion.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HARRY, of Buffalo.—We promised you that "Whilter" should appear last week; that it did not, is not our fault. It was submitted to the printer—but "crowded" out. As we had promised last week to publish a game from Mr. Drummond, we felt that you, in common with our contributors, would be much disappointed, did it not appear. Are we correct?

KNOW NOTHING, Lancaster, Erie Co., N. Y.—We publish Defiance from you this week. Accept our sincere thanks for this, among other favors. The End-Game is fine.

NEMO, Princeton, N. J.—Don't "get out of patience" with us. We give one of your Positions this week. We have so many good things on hand that we hardly know which to present first. Will publish your Analysis of the "Defiance" at our earliest convenience. Certainly; send along the Variations. They *will* be acceptable.

ALONZO, Salem, Mass.—Why so much haste? Why not write more at length? We consider you one of the "bones" and "sinners" of our department—and insist on your views regarding the coming Congress. A Position from you. We cannot be "put off."

G. R. MARDEN, Boston.—Accept our best thanks for the really fine compositions which you favor us with too seldom. Let us hear from you often.

EXPRESS, New York.—You will observe that the game is "drawn" and "gone." Don't forget us.

AUGUSTUS.—Solution received. You will please remit us another copy of your "Card," as we are unable to "gather the import" of the one before us.

EMULE EDMON.—Solution correct. By the way, the Position forwarded by you some time since, is still on hand. The Solution forwarded does not appear satisfactory to us. Will you examine and report the result? The men stand as follows: Black on 2, 5, 6, 7, 11, 12, 15, 18, and 19. White on 13, 14, 16, 20, 25, 26, 28, 30, and 31. Black to move and win. Let us hear from you.

PHINEAS.—Nemo asks, "suppose Phineas tries 25 to 29, for Blacks 6th, in Position No. 153?" What say you?

MARTIN.—Be kind enough to report yourself to our department, and let us know your views in regard to the Draught Congress. Nemo wishes to know whether you have received a letter from him lately.

FOO FOO, Albany, N. Y.—No thanks are due us from you—but *from* us *to* you. We like your compositions. They possess a merit and originality that is refreshing. Solution, O. K. It is "one of the strokes."

E. F. S.—May we "count you in" for the Congress? Can't you forward us something in the way of games and positions?

SPECTATOR, Buffalo, N. Y.—Accept our thanks for your interesting communication published in our last week's CLIPPER. Let us hear from you again.

UNCLE SAM.—Come, Uncle, (if you *are* an uncle,) let us hear from you.

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 157.

NEW SERIES.

BY G. R. MARDEN.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..27 to 24	20 to 27	5..2 to 7	3 to 10
2..19 16	11 20	6..9 14	10 17
3..14 10	6 15	7..13 31	
4..26 19	15 24	and wins.	

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 158.

NEW SERIES.

BY FOO FOO.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..22 to 25	13 to 29	3..19 to 23	
2..31 22	18 25	and wins.	

☞ A very pretty and practical ending.—[ED. D. D.

GAME NO. 86.—NEW SERIES.

Respectfully submitted to the criticism of John Stainthorpe, Esq., of Brooklyn, who honestly represents himself to be the "second Champion player of the Eastern States."

DEFIANCE.—A "SKUNK," BY "KNOW NOTHING."

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	10..2 to 11	25 to 22 (a)
2..9 14	27 23	11..10 15	26 23
3..7 11	22 18	12..4 8	22 17
4..15 22	25 9	13..6 10 (b)	30 26 (c)
5..5 14	29 25	14..15 18	17 13 (d)
6..11 15	24 20	15..18 27	32 23
7..15 24	28 19	16..1 6 (e)	26 22
8..8 11	19 16	17..11 15	20 16
9..12 19	23 7		

☞ We give the termination as a Position, this week. It terminates in one of the most "odorous" "skunks" that we ever encountered.

NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

(a) The position at this point appears to us to be an "even thing," though most "old stagers" would give the preference to White, if we mistake not.
(b) A "closer."
(c) White now has the laboring oar.
(d) He appears to have nothing better; 23 to 28 would break him to "eternal smash."
(e) "Selfish and uncompromising."

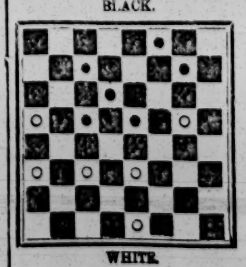
POSITION NO. 159.

NEW SERIES.

End-Game.—By "Know Nothing."

Dedicated to W. W. Hicks, Esq.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to play and "skunk."

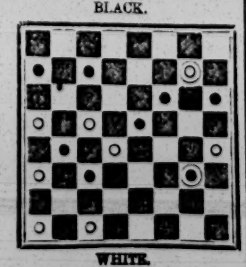
POSITION NO. 160.

NEW SERIES.

By "Nemo."

Dedicated to King Allen, Esq.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

MATCH GAMES

BETWEEN METELLUS AND A. F.

Black—Metellus.		White—A. F.	
7..9	14	18	9
8..5	14	33	27
9..6	9		

BETWEEN FOO FOO AND E. F. S.

Black—E. F. S.		White—Foo Foo.	
1..11	15	26	17
2..9	14	23	19
3..5	9	17	13

☞ The above game is transferred to diagram this week.

BETWEEN NEMO AND MARTIN.

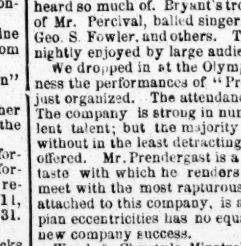
DEFIANCE.

Black—Nemo.		White—Martin.	
8..8	11	22	17

MATCH GAME.

Between Foo Foo and E. F. S.

BLACK—E. F. S.



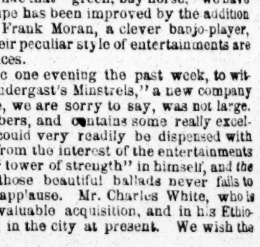
WHITE—Foo Foo.

Black to move.

MATCH GAME.

Between Alonzo and E. F. S.

BLACK—Alonzo.



WHITE—E. F. S.

Black to move.

AMUSEMENTS.

CITY SUMMARY.

Our places of amusement stand the storm with a good show of pluck, despite the beggarly account of empty benches to be seen, night after night, at many of them. What with reducing salaries, bringing down the prices of admission, and all that sort of thing, expenses may be covered, but this state of things cannot always continue, and unless a change for the better is soon observed, "farewell to all our dreams of greatness," &c.

It was announced that Miss Cushman's engagement would terminate at Burton's, in this city, last week, but as it was indispensible to the exchequer that she should remain a little longer, a re-engagement was effected, and the Philadelphians must bide their time. Miss Cushman continues to draw good houses, much better than could be expected, when the times are so sadly out of joint. She appeared as Lady Macbeth on Monday evening, the whole of the original music being retained.

Laura Keene deserves success, if she does not meet with it, for she is unretiring in her efforts to please. New pieces are constantly being produced at her neat little establishment, the latest being "Birds of Prey," as originally produced at the Haymarket, London.

At the Broadway and Niblo's, "legs" form the chief attraction, the Ronzani ballet at the former, and Rolla at the latter. 'Tis really astonishing to witness the favor with which those uncovered goddesses are received.

A new drama, entitled the "Invisible Husband," by Dion Boucicault, is underlined at Wallack's. We have not yet learned who is the real author of the piece. The business has slightly improved at this house.

The dramatic season at Barnum's Museum will commence on Monday next, 2d inst., under the management of Mr. H. Watkins. Miss Williams, the Welsh Nightingale, continues the attraction there at present, in conjunction with the Carlo Family.

Miss Sallie St. Clair has become a favorite with the patrons of the Bowery, and divides the applause with Mr. Eddy. They have been doing Shakespeare.

They are going to try on Italian opera again at the Academy, with a reduction of salaries, it is said. Would it not be well for the management to effect an insurance on his troupe, so as to guard against loss by the non-appearance of any of the company through indisposition? Try it.

The Opera Africana flourishes like that "green, bay horse," we have heard so much of. Bryant's troupe has been improved by the addition of Mr. Percival, ballad singer, Frank Moran, a clever banjo-player, Geo. S. Fowler, and others. Their peculiar style of entertainments are nightly enjoyed by large audiences.

We dropped in at the Olympic one evening the past week, to witness the performances of "Prendergast's Minstrels," a new company just organized. The attendance, we are sorry to say, was not large. The company is strong in numbers, and contains some really excellent talent; but the majority could very readily be dispensed with without in the least detracting from the interest of the entertainments offered. Mr. Prendergast is a "tower of strength" in himself, and the taste with which he renders those beautiful ballads never fails to meet with the most rapturous applause. Mr. Charles White, who is attached to this company, is a valuable acquisition, and in his Ethiopian eccentricities has no equal in the city at present. We wish the new company success.

Wood & Christy's Minstrels, in their new hall, have met with a liberal shame of patronage.

Don't sing out of tune. A suit was tried here last week, at the instigation of one Vieri, against Ullman and Strakosch, to recover the amount of his salary for two months, for which time he had been engaged. It was proved that Vieri sang *out of tune*, and as the Judge had some music in his composition, he very properly decided that the managers were right in discharging him. Out of tune, and out of pocket—a sad case indeed, these hard times.

Mr. McKean Buchanan arrived here last week, after a tour through California, Australia, &c. He is ready to don the sock and buskin for the entertainment of the home market.

In the list of passengers for England by the steamer Atlantic we find the names of Miss Kate Saxon, and Malone Raymond.

Mr. C. T. P. Ware, author of "Splendid Misery," recently produced at Laura Keene's, is out in a letter, in which he pitches into Mr. Ed. Wilkins, author of Young New York, like a thousand of bricks.

EDWIN BOOTH DRAMATIC CLUB.—According to invitation we attended the first performance of the above named club on Thursday evening, Oct. 22d, at Humor Hall, in Hoaston street, which was densely crowded by the numerous friends of the association. Of the playing, we can say but little. Mr. Cusseur appeared as St. Pierre in the play of the Wife; he is a pretty good elocutionist, but possesses little knowledge of stage business; his voice is rather low and we would advise him to cultivate it. Mr. Furgurson's Leonardo, was a piece of good acting, and he deserves much credit. Mr. Winters enacted the part of Ferrardo with success. Mr. Winters, please to avoid curtailing your text. The part of the Wife was miserably sustained by Miss Amy Davenport; we advise this lady to try comedy. Of the other performers, we will say nothing, as we understand it was their first appearance. Mr. Anderson played the Irish Lion to a nicety, but the piece was marred in its effects by the other characters, who were deficient in their parts, particularly M. Cusseur. Miss Burdett, as Mrs. Fitzgig, looked well, but we fear she has mistaken her calling. One thing we wish to call the attention of amateurs to, and that is to avoid turning their back to the audience, for such a habit destroys the most artistic acting. AMATEUR CRITIC.

Tom Watson, clown to Van Amburgh's Circus and Menagerie, sailed for Europe in the steam ship Kangaroo. He was a great favorite here, and for wit and genuine humor can compare favorably with the best, so Johnny Bull's jesters must look to their laurels.

NATIONAL SUMMARY.

We have no reports of fights to record this week among our theatrical friends, either at home or abroad. This is to be regretted, as such things give a zest to our budget of theatricals, which nothing else can supply. Perhaps we may have something in this line to record in our next.

"Go way, brack man." A colored gentleman, thinking white folks as good as himself, undertook to take a seat among them in the family circle at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, some time since. He soon found himself "histed," however, for which he brought suit against the manager; but the Superior Court, last week, decided that he must confine his company to those of his own "persuasion." The black man has carried the case up higher. "Go ahead, chile, you wages still gwine on."

The report that Barnum is "all hunk" again, the recent financial crisis having given him a chance to square accounts with those who had been hunting him down so ferociously, is all fudge. By the way, it is said that a daughter of the ex showman was married at Bridgeport last week to a Mr. S. H. Hurde of New York.

The Buckleys were at St Louis at last accounts.

Eph. Horn, who is now clown for a circus company, got into a difficulty in Bradford, Vermont, a few days since. It appears that some one cut a hole in the cloth under which they were performing, and a little boy took the liberty to look in, and was struck upon the head with a drum stick by Mr. Horn, injuring him severely. It is feared he will lose an eye, if not his life. The tent was quickly torn down by the crowd, and Eph. arrested.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller having concluded their engagement in Philadelphia, it is to be hoped that an opportunity will be offered them to appear in New York, of which city, we believe, Mr. Waller is a native.

Among those who have entered to compete for those two Silver Goblets, at a dancing and singing entertainment to take place at Jayne's Hall, Philadelphia, on the 9th of November, are the following dancers: T. Brookfield, I Law, Bob Hall, J. Pollard, Bill Ware, Tom Mead, Bob Simson, and Jim Brown. The following glee clubs have entered—Byron, Umpire, Fazetta, Rossini, American Quartette, Nahmeokee, and Star. The question of superiority is to be decided by seven judges.

Mrs. Barrow is about starting out on a tour with her "Evenings with the Poets." She gave the first evening to the Bostonians, on the 24th.

At the Pittsburgh Theatre they have got out a new play called "Bank Frauds, and its Victims," and the best of it is, they have made New York the scene of all the rascality of the piece. Unhappy, but envied New York.

Professor Carl, the strong man, is picking up heavy weights and things, in Boston.

Messrs. Rumsey and Newcomb's Campbell Minstrels were playing in Mobile last week. In the way of amusement, they seem to have the field to themselves in that city.

The Gaiety Theatre, New Orleans, commenced operations on the

17th inst.; but from what we have learned, "things don't work" very harmoniously. What's the trouble?

Chanfrau commenced an engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 26th. As one of the effects of the times we notice that the Walnut has reduced its prices of admission to 25 cents to all parts of the house.

Mr. Charles Matthews appeared for the first time at the Philadelphia Academy of Music on Monday evening last.

On the 30th inst., a benefit is to be given at Wheatly's Arch Street Theatre for the poor of Philadelphia.

Levi North appeared on the race track at the recent fair in Chicago with several of his celebrated horses, among them the beautiful bay gelding "Tammany," which, though twenty years old, exhibits all the life and spirit of a four year old.

Sanford's Minstrels have brought out a burlesque on Emma Stanley's Seven Ages of Woman. Dan Gardner "does" the business of the piece.

John Brougham was playing at the Chicago Theatre last week. He had produced his burlesque of Pocahontas.

Yankee Locke concluded his engagement at North's, Chicago, on the 19th. Mrs. Yankee Locke also performed.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" seems to have had the effect of bringing to an untimely end the fortunes of the National, Philadelphia. It is closed.

Mr. Joseph Proctor continues at the National, Boston. He has brought out a new Indian drama called "Outahlanchet."

The Ravels, with Yrca Mathias, bring their engagement to a close, at the Holiday Street, Baltimore, this week. They have done a fair business.

"Our Opinion," a little theatrical sheet published in Baltimore, says: "There is not, probably, in the Union two theatres earning expenses. The financial pressure has fallen with crushing weight upon the prosperity of all, and 'tis more than likely that before the commencement of 1858, one-half the theatres in the country will be closed, or maintain a lingering existence upon the sufferance of unpaid actors and actresses."

"Mr. Lefler, the Yankee comedian," commenced an engagement at the Albany Theatre on Monday evening.

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

The Pyne and Harrison Opera Troupe were performing at the Lyceum, London, to large audiences.

Mr. Ira Aldridge, the African Roscius as he is called, commenced an engagement at the City Theatre, London, on the 12th inst., at the conclusion of which he starts for Switzerland, Germany, Italy, &c.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams are doing a good business at the Amphitheatre, Liverpool.

Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, died in that city on the 30th ult.

Signor Arditi, well known to opera-goers in this country, has been engaged as conductor, by Mr. Lumley, of Her Majesty's Theatre, for three years.

M. Gounod, the composer, and author of Sapho, the Bleeding Nun, &c., had been sent to the Lunatic Asylum at Passy, he having become deranged.

The Christy Minstrels were doing well at Polygraphic Hall, London. They were giving morning concerts at three o'clock in the afternoon. Nothing like piling on the highfalutin.

Mr. Roberts, the American tragedian, commenced an engagement at Southampton on the 12th.

Tom Thumb was travelling through the provinces.

Messrs. Howe & Cushing had advertised for winter quarters for their horses, &c., to be within 30 miles of Birmingham.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A Foot Race--A Plant.—A race came off on Tuesday afternoon, the 20th inst., the day being very unpropitious, attended with a strong North Wester and flakes of snow and dust wafting the air, rendered it very unpleasant. This race took place on Beidlers Course, between a pedestrian of our city, of some celebrity, W. Sterling, *against an unknown one hailing from the Jerseys*, who, afterwards, was introduced as the veritable David Carr, of pedestrian notoriety, and who fleeced many of our b'hoys of the needful. Various reports were in circulation as to the stakes, but from information received amongst the knowing ones, considerably over a cool hundred changed hands and was pocketed by the stranger and his friends. The distance run was 150 yards. The competitors toed the mark in the finest possible condition, and on the signal being given, both men bounded away at the top of their speed with a level start, and ran at a rattling rate for the first 80 yards, when the stranger "bade him the good bye," an advantage which he maintained during the remainder of the spin, thus proving himself the winner, *and which* terminated an experimental foot race to the discomfiture "of the uninitiated ones."

Reading, Berks Co., Pa. Pigeon Feather.

Another Match in Detroit.—Detroit, Oct. 23, 1857.—Henry Gordon, the sporting butcher, was so dissatisfied with his recent defeat in a foot race at Grosse Point, with John Canfield, alias Puffy, that he has entered into a fresh match with that individual for $50 a side, 200 yards, to come off in ten days. Gordon is taking his breathings at Grosse Point, being a guest under the hospitable roof of Geo. Moran, and in his exercises is under the care of the accomplished John Wilcox, a celebrated pedestrian from England. Puffy is sojourning at Sandwich, in Canada, under the watchful eye of a well-known native of the Green Isle.

New England Five Mile Handicap.—T. A. Scott, of Boston, and George Cooper, of New York, intend getting up a five mile handicap foot race, to come off next Thanksgiving Day, at Boston, open for all pedestrians. There will be two purses given, viz.: $25 to the first man, and $5 to the second. All those who wish to enter for this race can do so by applying by letter, or in person, to T. A. Scott, No. 3, Lowell Court, Boston, Mass., any time before the 16th of November. As Mr. Scott intends running in this race, he hopes those who talk of beating him so easy will give him a chance to try them.

CRICKET.

Eleven of New York vs. Sixteen of Newark.—This match was played at Newark on Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 5th and 6th, and resulted in favor of the latter party by 23 runs. Our cricket reporter having been unable to attend, through sickness, will, we hope, be a sufficient excuse for its non-appearance in the Clipper until its present issue. As any comments we might make on the match would be superfluous at this late date, we publish the score only, both for the edification of our readers, and for the sake of having it on record. The score was as follows:

NEWARK.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..Baker c Harrison b Cuyp..	1	b Barker	4
2..Woof c Fletcher b Cuyp...	4	c Fletcher b Cuyp	9
3..Ford c Buchanan b Cuyp..	22	c Spivey b Cuyp	0
4..Rickaby b Cuyp	8	b Cuyp	1
5..Warner b Barker	1	b Cuyp	0
6..Ledwith b Barker	5	b Cuyp	4
7..Kidd b Cuyp	2	c Buchanan b Cuyp	0
8..Jefferson b Cuyp	2	b Cuyp	1
9..Hallis b Barker	3	b Cuyp	4
10..Ward b Cuyp	1	b Barker	2
11..J. Elverson run out	5	c Barker b Cuyp	2
12..Wurtz b Cuyp	8	b Barker	1
13..Smith b Cuyp	2	b Cuyp	0
14..Stapleton b Cuyp	1	hit wicket b Cuyp	1
15..Van Houten l b w b Barker	1	absent	0
16..McNair not out	0	b Cuyp	8
Byes 30, leg byes 4, wides 2	36	Byes 6, leg bye 1, wide 1	8
Total	102	Total	45

NEW YORK.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..Sharp b Hallis	5	b Hallis	8
2..Spivey b Ward	0	b Hallis	1
3..Higham b Ward	1	b Hallis	2
4..Barker run out	9	c Kidd b Hallis	8
5..Wilby c Stapleton b Ward	15	b Hallis	6
6..Crossley b Hallis	3	not out	10
7..Buchanan b Kidd	8	b Hallis	3
8..Harrison c Woof b Kidd	1	b Hallis	4
9..Fletcher b Kidd	0	b Hallis	0
10..Cuyp not out	2	b Hallis	0
11..Gelston b Hallis	0	b Kidd	0
Byes 14, leg byes 2	16	Byes	12
Wides 3, no ball 1	4	Leg byes 3, wides 3	6
Total	64	Total	60

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

New York—First Innings.

Bowlers.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Barker	156	23	25	4	0
Cuyp	182	40	24	10	0
Crossley	24	3	4	0	2

Second Innings.

Cuyp	117	17	21	12	0
Barker	120	20	17	3	1

Newark—First Innings.

Hallis	135	15	22	3	0
Ward	104	26	10	3	0
Kidd	28	2	6	3	0

Second Innings.

Hallis	112	19	16	9	1
Ward	16	8	1	0	0
Kidd	94	15	14	1	2

Union vs. Free Academy.—These two young clubs, composed entirely of pupils attached to Columbia College and the Free Academy, and under 21 years of age, were to have played a match at Hoboken on Saturday, 24th inst., but were compelled on account of the weather to postpone it to Saturday, 31st inst., when they expect to have an excellent day's sport. Previous to this, they have played three matches, the Union being winners twice, and seem somewhat confident of a similar result on this occasion. At any rate, the match will doubtless be well contested, and well worth going to see. In answer to the cordial invitation for us to be present, we would say, that we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity, if possible.

Germantown vs. Philadelphia.—The match between these two clubs was resumed on Wednesday, 21st, and resulted in favor of the former by 40 runs. The American Elevens of the same clubs commenced their semi-annual match on Friday, 23d inst, and when the stumps were drawn at 5½ P. M., the score stood as follows: Philadelphia, 23 runs; Germantown, 60 runs and no wicket down. The same clubs play a match Nov. 6th and 7th. Senior of the Philadelphia club being barred.

Washington vs. Union.—These two young clubs both of Lowell, Mass., and composed exclusively of juveniles, met on Saturday, 24th inst., and played, all things considered, a very excellent match. The totals were as follows: Washington, 17 and 29; Union, 26 and 18; the former having 4 wickets to go down. The full score will be given in our next.

Single Wicket.—Messrs. P. Frazer and E. Mitchell had a contest for superiority in this branch of the game on Saturday, 17th inst., at Philadelphia, in which the former scored 3 and the latter 4 and not out in the second innings, thus winning the match by 1 run and 1 wicket.

SPORTS IN OLD BERKS.

Reading, Oct. 23, 1857.

My Dear Frank: A communication over the signature of "Agricola" appeared in your issue of the 24th inst., reflecting upon certain gentlemen sportsmen whom he denominates "Tyroes." Will you permit one of the party to whom he has reference a few lines in one of the columns of your highly interesting and instructive Clipper by way of response to the "Pigeon Fathers" of the trigger? The author of that article forgets that an old adage teaches the trite saying, that men who live in "glass houses" should not throw stones. I am indeed sorry that *per necessitas* I must break lance with our mutual friend, as I have no doubt that the success of the party of which I was an humble member, engendered jealousy under the "pin feathers" of the renowned "Agricola," who, by the bye, was out on a shooting excursion at the same time; and, if our informant advises us correctly, that instead of bagging three woodcock, one unfledged pheasant, and nineteen flickers, that not only Agricola himself but his "partners in toil," to destroy the dull monotony of "whiskey and lager," were compelled to resort to the trapping of grasshoppers to fill their game bags, and when the truth was exposed, "Agricola," alias Pigeon Father, exclaimed "O, Tempora! O, Moses!"

Two horse races came off this week, at Shilling's Course, between two crack half mile nags, Roan Poll and Lancaster Sorrell; on Tuesday, by some misunderstanding, the Lancaster horse did not run over the course, although he appeared at the starting point; the Roan passed over the course, and the horse consequently lost. Following immediately upon the termination of the first race, another was gotten up between the same nags and with the same result.

The young pedestrian, of Reading Stirling, had his wings clipped after the race of the first day by a Philadelphian, "of which more anon." Eagle Nipple.

Pole Climbing.—House Telegraph Office, Philadelphia, Oct. 24th, 1857.—Frank Queen.—*Dear Sir:* I see in the last number of your worthy sheet a challenge from Mr. Chas. Simmons to climb a pole for $100 or $500, with or without spurs. As this is the first challenge of the kind I have seen since I have been in this country, I will accept it, and will climb him both *with* and *without* spurs—a pole not less than one hundred feet high, clear of bark, $100 a side, with spurs, and $200 a side, without spurs. As we are both telegraph men, and personally acquainted, I wish no blowing in the matter, but if Mr. Simmons is serious and disposed to back his challenge, he can find man and money ready as above.

Andrew Wynn.

Sparring.—The season when sparring can be practiced with real comfort and enjoyment is now at hand, and teachers are already forming their classes for instruction in this art. In this city, Mr. Wm Hastings has opened his school, and is now ready to impart to those desirous of learning the science of manual defence, a knowledge, both theoretical and practical, of this useful and healthful exercise. See his card in our advertising department.

Struck out.—It is stated that Pryor has been withdrawn from his engagements in England for the present year.

The Sailing Match which was to have taken place between the yachts Theodore Estling and John Green, on the Delaware, is off.

Dancing Match.—A grand "Dancing Match" took place at the Town Hall, at Germantown, Pa., on Saturday night, 24th inst., between the well-known Fred. Axe, Israel Huff and George Beck. By the time of commencement, the Hall was crowded to excess, and not less than one thousand persons were present. Jacob Mushler, John Zenar, and John Soldoun, were selected as Judges from the audience. The match was for a Violin, valued at $100—the dance to be regular jig time. Mr George Schaeffer being chosen as "Fiddler." At 8 o'clock, George struck up, and Frederick simultaneously made his appearance—5 to 4 was offered on him and taken. His dancing was done "very agreeable." Mr Huff now stepped into the arena and made his "Virginny" steps tell a musical tale. Mr. Beck followed, but not with such effect as his predecessors. After some whispering among the Judges, Mr. Mushler (acting as spokesman) stepped forward and announced that Mr Huff had fairly won the prize. The presentation was made by Norman George, Esq., (fetter up of the affair,) and received by Mr. Huff with a smile for "luck." The evening's entertainment wound up with a lecture on Woman's Rights, (burlesque,) by George Spencer.

Yours, Sport.

"A place for everything and everything in its place" is certainly a good motto, but not always put into practice. If it was, every dressing table or wash stand in New York would find a cake of Dr. Gouraud's Celebrated Italian Medicated Soap upon it, for, whether as a preventive of tan, freckles, and other disfigurements, or as a beautifier of the complexion, it has not its equal. Dr. Gouraud's Liquid Hair Dye is another valuable article, changing red, light or gray hair, to a beautiful jet black almost instantly, and without in the least staining the skin.

The world wide celebrity of the Doctor in the manufacture of cosmetics is proof of the excellence of everything offered by him to the public. The above are for sale by Dr. Gouraud, 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway, also by T. R. Callendar, No. 88 South Third street, Philadelphia; and by J. B. Bates, 129 Washington street, Boston.

CANINE.

Match for $600.—A match has just been arranged for a fight between Mr. D Jenkinson's blue dog Tom, and Mr. Jacob Roome's dog Bill, at 28 lbs., for $300 a side. The battle is to come off early in December—$200 have been received for this exciting event.

Tanner and Frolic.—A fight took place at Pat Carroll's pit, Philadelphia, on the 19th inst., between the dog Tanner and slut Frolic, for $50 a side. The fight lasted 15 minutes only, when the slut refused to scratch, and Tanner was pronounced the winner of the stakes.

Challenge.—I will fight my dog Bug against Tom Elliott's dog Ben, at his own weight, 30 lbs. check, for $300 or $500 a side; in five or six weeks from the first deposit. If Elliott means business, a match can be made at the house of Thomas Dillon, White Horse Refectory, Second, below Callowhill, Philadelphia; dog and money ready.

Wm. Quandsill, Jr.

Wallace and Pat.—I will fight my dog Wallace, catch weight, against the dog Pat for $50 a side. Dog and money ready any time at the White Horse Refectory, Second, below Callowhill, Philadelphia.

George Tallman, owner of dog Wallace.

Coon Drawing.—I will match my dog Wallace against any other dog in the States, at drawing a coon; the dog's weight not to be less than 29 lbs., and all over I bar none, in the quickest time on drawing, for $50 a side. George Tallman.

Philadelphia, Oct. 22, 1857.

Fleecher in the Field.—Worcester, Oct. 20.—I will fight my dog Blucher, 33 lbs., against any dog in Worcester city or county, for from $50 to $100. Also, my slut, 24 lbs. weight, for the same money. Any one accepting this must comply with the regulations of Mr. Prentiss's pit, in Providence, R. I.

Edward Canarvan, 5 Howard street.

A Match is to be decided in Philadelphia, on Monday evening next, between two 22-pounders, for $50.

Challenge.—Mr. Wright will fight his dog Barney against Mr. Mullholland's dog Rattler, neither to exceed 24 lbs. weight, for from $200 to $500 a side, four or five weeks from the time the match is made, which can be done by applying to Mr. Wright, 247 Pearl street, N. Y. Both dogs to be washed clean before entering the pit

Dogs Wallace and Pat.—Understanding that the owner of the dog Wallace has sent a challenge to fight my dog Pat, at catch weight, (Pat being a 26 lb. dog) after knowing that my dog was dead, I will make this proposal to Wallace: I have a dog that I will fight against him at 30 lbs., or catch weight, for $100 a side, in six weeks after the first deposit; the fight to take place in Philadelphia. He can see me at my place of business and make arrangements for putting up $15 a side, to show dogs the following evening, and the party refusing to make a match on the above terms to forfeit the money staked; and should the match go on, the stakes to be increased to $25 a side, and the balance posted as may be agreed upon. I have been thus explicit, as I have had dealings with the owner of Wallace before--and "a burnt child dreads the fire."

If any one of my friends, Wallace included, wish to challenge my dog, I hope they will let me know it privately, instead of through the medium of the Clipper as I do not wish to make my dogs a newspaper show unless I am anxious to fight them. Fancy.

Philadelphia, Oct. 26th, 1857.

[The challenge was sent, but afterwards withdrawn, the owner of Wallace stating that Pat was dead.--Ed. Clip.]

New York and Providence.—Mr. John Halford, of Providence, recently published a challenge, which was accepted, and a match has just been made between Mr. McMahon's 17 lb Connaught Lad, and Mr. Halford's dog Spring, for $200 a side. The fight is to take place at Prentis' Rhode Island House, Providence, on the 17th inst.

Dandy and Jack.—The fight between McLaughlin's dog Dandy, and Mr. Gidding's Jack, on the 21st, resulted in favor of Jack, after a good contest of nearly two hours.

A Fight will take place on the 29th inst., at Philadelphia, between two celebrated dogs known as Spring and Lunkhead, for $50 a side.

Game Fowl.—At the recent State fair at Bridgeport, Conn., Mr. George C. Bright took both premiums on game fowls.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
MECHANICS' HALL, 472 BROADWAY, ABOVE GRAND STREET,
Open every night during the week.
THE CELEBRATED AND ORIGINAL
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
COMPRISING THIRTEEN TALENTED PERFORMERS.
Introducing a new variety of
SONGS, DANCES, BURLESQUE SAYINGS,
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SAW DUST ACROBATS, CHALLENGE DANCE
ESSENCE OF OLD VIRGINNY, &c., &c.
JERRY, NEIL, AND DAN BRYANT
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Doors open at 7—Concert commence at 8. Admission 25 cents.

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NO. 7 LAIGHT STREET, (THREE DOORS FROM CANAL,)
OPPOSITE THOMPSON.
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ON HAND, AND FOR SALE, THE FOLLOWING: SEFTON GAMES, Sargent Games, Irish Games, Wild India Games, Spanish Games, Sumatra Games, Earl Derby Games, and Counterfeit Games.
Address [28] JONATHAN DORWART, Lancaster City, Pa.

ROWING MATCH,
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, FOR $100, BETWEEN THE EXPERIment and Robert H. Allaire, on Harlem river. The steamboat IOLA will take passengers to witness the race, making the following landings: Spring street, North river, at 11:30 A. M.; pier No. 3 North river, at 11:45 A. M.; Gouverneur slip at 12:15 P. M.; South Fourth street, Williamsburg, at 12:30 P. M.; K street, Greenpoint, at 1 P. M. Fare, 25 cents for the excursion.

A PHYSICIAN'S LEGACY TO YOUNG MEN.
"The glory of a young man
Is his strength"
From the Sunday Dispatch, New York, Aug. 2d, 1857.
"Our readers are aware that we seldom, if ever, recommend any medical publication, if not endorsed by the very highest authority, as such an instance we may mention Dr. Culverwell's *new publication on Nervous Debility* and other *weaknesses* the result of early indiscretion. It is a small but valuable Pamphlet. His preparations, the 'Regenerator' and "Nervine," are now considered the sole and only effectual remedies extant for the complaints referred to.
Dr. Culverwell's Seminal Regenerator and Royal Nervine, the sovereign remedies for Seminal Weakness, Sexual Debility, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Piles, &c., are for sale by F. Wells & Co., 115 Franklin street, New York; and most of the leading Druggists in the country.
Dr. C's Pamphlet, as above, containing full advices for the cure of Spermatorrhœa, &c., can be had, in a secure envelope, by enclosing 4 stamps to Dr. Chas J. C. Kline, 1st Avenue, corner 19th street, New York, Post Box No. 4586. 27-3m

CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.
THOSE CELEBRATED RECIPES FOR MAKING HONEY, COLOGNE, Hair Oil, Washing Fluid, Starch Polish, Ice Cream, Black, Blue, and Red Ink, Toilette Soaps, Boot Blackings, Silver Plating Fluid, &c., &c., &c., will be sent, post paid, for 25 cents. Address
27-1t D. STEVENS & CO., Newton, N. H.

ART AND SCIENCE OF MANUAL DEFENCE.
THE SUBSCRIBER WOULD MOST RESPECTFULLY INFORM HIS patrons and the public that he is now ready to give instructions in the noble art of Self-Defence, at his spacious rooms, 208 Centre street. Those wishing to form themselves into classes will do well to apply immediately, as delay may preclude the possibility of their being admitted. Terms moderate; and every possible facility given for the prosecution of this healthy and invigorating exercise.
27-3m WILLIAM HASTINGS.

LIFE AND BATTLES OF YANKEE SULLIVAN,
EMBRACING FULL AND ACCURATE REPORTS OF HIS FIGHTS with HAMMER LANE, TOM SECOR, HARRY BELL, BOB CAUNT, TOM HYER and JOHN MORRISSEY. Also the Battles between
TOM HYER and COUNTRY McCLEESTER.
CHRIS. LILLY and TOM M'COY.
GEORGE KENSETT and NED HAMMOND.
ALF. WALKER and JOE HOILES, the "Spider."
New York: GEORGE BACKER, No. 85 Nassau street. Price, 25 cents. Copies sent by mail free of postage.
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We are responsible for all registered letters containing money. 12-1m

State of New York, Secretary's Office, Albany, August 31, 1857. To the Sheriff of the County of New York—Sir: Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Secretary of State, in the place of Joel T. Headley.
A Comptroller, in the place of Lorenzo Burrows.
An Attorney General, in the place of Stephen B. Cushing.
A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Silas Seymour.
A State Treasurer, in the place of Stephen Clark.
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Henry Fitzhugh.
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Norwood Bowne.
A Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Hiram Denio.

All whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next.

Also, two Justices of the Supreme Court for the first Judicial District, in the place of William Mitchell, whose term expires December 31, 1857, and one in place of Charles A. Peabody, appointed to fill vacancy, occasioned by the Resignation of Jas. R. Whiting.

Two Justices of the Superior Court, in the places of Joseph S. Bosworth and Thomas J. Oakley, deceased.

A Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in the place of Daniel P. Ingraham.

A Justice of the Marine Court, in the place of Florence M'Carthy.

A Justice of the First District in the City of New York, in place of James Green.

A Justice of the Second District in the City of New York, in place of Bartholomew O'Connor.

A Justice of the Third District in the City of New York, in place of William B. Meech.

A Justice of the Fourth District in the City of New York, in place of William A. Van Cott.

A Justice of the Fifth District in the City of New York, in place of John Anderson, Jun.

A Justice of the Sixth District in the City of New York, in place of Anson Willis.

A Justice of the Seventh District in the City of New York, in place of Thomas Pearson.

A Police Justice of the First District in the City of New York, in place of James H. Welsh.

A Police Justice of the Second District in the City of New York, in place of Matthew T. Brennan.

A Police Justice of the Third District in the City of New York, in place of William L. Wood.

A Police Justice of the Fourth District in the City of New York, in place of J. Sherman Brownell.

A Police Justice of the Fifth District in the City of New York, in place of Barnabas W. Osborne.

A Police Justice of the Sixth District in the City of New York, in place of William S. Davidson.

A Police Justice of the Seventh District in the City of New York place of James M. Flandreau.

A Police Justice of the Eighth District in the City of New York, in place of Michael Connelly.

Also a Senator for the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Senate Districts, consisting of the City and County of New York.

A Member of Assembly for each of the Assembly Districts in the City and County of New York, viz: The First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Assembly Districts.

Two Governors of the Alms House, in the place of Anthony Dugro and Washington Smith.

A Surrogate, in place of Alexander W. Bradford.

A Recorder, in place of James M. Smith.

A District Attorney, in place of A. Oakey Hall.

And a Register in place of John S. Doane.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. Yours respectfully, J. T. HEADLEY, Secretary of State.

Sheriff's Office, New York, Sept. 3, 1857.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirement of the statue in such case made and provided. James C. Willet,
Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

☞ All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in a week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See revised Statutes, vol. 1, chap 5, title 3, article 3d, part 1st, page 140. 21

LIFE AND BATTLES OF

JACK RANDALL,

DENOMINATED

THE PRIME IRISH LAD,

OTHERWISE

THE NONPAREIL.

From Boxiana, Published in England in 1818.

THE Nonpareil had now disposed of all his opponents with so much ease and certainty, that the sporting world appeared extremely anxious that Turner should enter the lists with him; an opinion being entertained that the latter was the only boxer of the light weights that would have any chance towards defeating Randall. The superior tactics, and other pugilistic requisites displayed by Turner in his victories over Scroggins, had rendered him an object of great attraction among the Fancy in general. Randall was also anxious to fight Turner, by way of a finish to his efforts; in fact, the Nonpareil delayed commencing Publican on that account alone; and two or three good houses had in consequence slipped through his hands. Randall was confident, in his own mind, as to the result. Victory, and nothing else, appeared as certain to him as if the battle had been over. This, however, was far from the general opinion. But when the following meeting was announced between the above parties, the Fancy were much pleased and all alive on the subject:

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT, October 13, 1818, entered into at Mr. Franklin's, the Lion and Goat, Lower Grosvenor street, Grosvenor square, between John Randall and Edward Turner, to fight for the sum of £100 a side, on Tuesday, the 1st of December. The above battle to be a fair stand-up fight—half minute time, in a twenty-four foot ring. The place to be named by Mr. Jackson; but the distance from London not to be less than 25, nor to exceed 30 miles. Randall, on the one side, to choose his own umpire, as to a time-keeper, and Turner also to appoint a time-keeper on his part; but, to prevent any disputes, Mr Jackson to appoint a third umpire, as a referee, whose decision shall be final. The whole of the above stakes to be made good on Tuesday, the 10th of November, at Mr. Franklin's, between the hours of seven and nine in the evening; but if either Randall or Turner wish to increase the sum to £100 a side, this latter sum to be made good on Tuesday, the 24th of November. Mr. Jackson to hold the stakes, or any person whom he may appoint. A deposit of £20 a side was placed in the hands of Mr. Franklin; but if the whole of the stakes of £100 a side are not made good on the 10th of November, the above deposit to be forfeited accordingly. (Signed) BAXTER—FRANKLIN.
Witness—P. E.

Randall was the favorite generally; but among the "tight Irish Boys" he was as warmly supported as when the renowned Peter Corcoran took the lead in the Prize Ring, and they urged it by "all the Saints in the Calendar," Jack could not lose it. Yet Turner was by no means in the back ground on this subject; and the Taffies swore, "Cot splutter hur nails, hurs sure to win it." The cool knowing ones, who put national feelings out of the case, and who only looked to winning the blunt, declared it was a complete puzzle.

This great match now being made, Randall went into training on his old but favorite spot, Hampstead Heath; and it might be said, he was rather under the eye and superintendence of a gallant Colonel, his patron, it also being contiguous to the above officer's residence. But Randall took up his abode at Bob Pilch's, the sign of the Horse and Groom, Hampstead. Bob's house was the scene of attraction for the Fancy, and it being only a toddling distance from town. Randall was most numerously visited by all classes of amateurs. A sporting dinner was also given by the friends of Randall, at Pilch's, a few days previous to the battle. This was also well supported.

Upon the side of Turner, his friends were equally attentive and upon the alert, and a Game Dinner was given to amateurs on Tuesday, November 24, 1818. The London fanciers, it seems, notwithstanding a heavy soaking day's rain, exhibited too much gameness to be deterred from meeting the friends of Turner at the Chequers Inn, Brentwood, Essex, preparatory to the grand combat between him and Jack Randall. It was a numerous and most respectable meeting. It is a customary thing upon both sides, tending to give confidence to their heroes. A gamer dinner was never witnessed. To render the thing complete, the "brave men of the ring" were toasted by the company, till hoarseness almost followed their exertions. Oliver and Richmond, though laconic in their replies, proved their gratitude for this liberal notice; and Turner returned thanks for the mention that had been made of his former exertions, and observed with much modesty and candor, "that he would win if he could; but, if he lost the match, he trusted that the amateurs would not have to complain that he had not done everything to give them satisfaction." The chairman (Mr. Baxter, brother to Turner,) after the manner of the days of old, and in the true spirit of chivalry, gave the health of "John Randall, with three times three, and hoped he would be in good health on the day of the combat." This sentiment was received with the same liberality with which it was given; and drank in the most spirited and animated style. The whole of the meeting was characterized by good order, harmony, and manliness of conduct; and although milling was the prominent theme at intervals, yet not the slightest disposition appeared to put it in practice. The only bet made during the evening was an even £5, and Randall was taken for choice. The above great match, which, according to the Articles, was to have taken place on Tuesday, Dec. 1, was, in consequence of the death of the Queen, put off by the consent of all parties, till Saturday, Dec. 5. This circumstance tended, if possible, to increase the sporting anxiety upon the event. The day being altered, it was thought expedient, by the betters, to prevent any misunderstanding, to give publicity to the following:—It may be necessary to inform those who are not thoroughly acquinted with the rules of betting, that, on account of the above day being altered, all bets that have been laid since the match was made are off, unless agreed by the parties to be on; but all those bets which were laid before the match, stand good." It was even betting at Tattersall's on the Monday previous to the fight. This circumstance was attributed to the Welsh feelings on the subject: 5 to 4 was difficult to be got. The above contest being a war theme, the Stock Exchange dabbled considerably upon the event.

STATE AND CHANGES OF THE BETTING PREVIOUS TO THE FIGHT.

When the challenge was first given by Jack Randall, and received by Turner, the odds were 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Randall; but this seemed rather to arise from the impetuosity and confidence of his friends, than from a due estimate of his real merits. Consideration soon reduced the odds from 5 to 4, then 21 to 20, and at length only Randall for choice.

Even betting followed; and at last even Turner's friends, who had been upon the reserve, began to show out, and actually offered 5 to 4 the other way. This change was attributed to a report that Randall had got a cold in his neck, and was under the necessity of having leeches applied to reduce the tumor which arose in consequence. Turner's father, it appears, had offered to take the odds against his son to any amount, and actually produced the blunt for a few hundreds, in order to prove his sincerity. The spirit of the Ancient Briton was up, and we understand, that he was instructed by his friends in Wales to support the national character with becoming dignity. Tom Belcher had also £200 sent up to him from Wales, to bet as he thought proper, as to odds, upon Turner.

The latter hero, on his leaving Brentwood, dined at Belcher's in Holborn, on Thursday, and in the course of the evening set off for Croyden, where he slept that night. He seemed in high condition and good spirits, and expressed a perfect confidence of success. Randall also shifted his quarters from Hampstead, and approached the scene of action. He was likewise full of fire, and was equally sanguine with Turner.

On Friday morning the bustle among the Fancy was great. Post-chaises, gigs, carts, buggies, wagons, and every discription of vehicle, were called into requisition; and in the course of the day, the road towards Croyden presented a motley assemblage of all ranks. Many, too, who could not muster the means of other conveyance, depended upon their pedestrian qualities, and set out on foot. Every horse on the road was engaged, and hundreds were forced to take up their lodgings under circumstances of no ordinary privation;—indeed, it was considered but a trifling sacrifice, when compared with the pleasure to be derived from being present at the fight.

In the evening, the Castle Tavern, as well as every other house celebrated for the congregation of amateurs, was crowded to excess. Belcher's seemed to be the head quarters, and here betting continued with spirit to the latest hour. Randall, notwithstanding it was evident that a strong prejudice existed against him, and although reports were circulated to his disadvantage, was restored to favor, and 5 to 4 was freely betted. The friends of Turner were not wanting in their boasts, but, while they prophesied his certain success, they were not too ready in accepting the odds. There was no money wanting to back Randall, and thousands might have been had as freely as pounds. It was said that one house in the city had £25,000 depending on the issue of the battle.

At length the eventful Saturday morning arrived. Long before the break of day, the road presented an almost uninterrupted line of carriages from Kennington Common to the field of combat. Every house of public entertainment was filled with customers, who took the bar by storm, and like a swarm of locusts, devoured all before them; it was utterly impossible, in fact, from the shortness of the notice, to be prepared for so immense a multitude. Horses and masters were alike exposed to privation, and were conjointly obliged to submit to the hardships of the day. It proved a rare harvest for the Bonifaces all along the road, and it was out-and out Tipping upon every suit, as well as the macing rigs practised to an extraordinary extent. The blue ruin looked blue indeed, and the stock of heavy wet was increased from the Thames instead of the brewery, dashing was so much in repute.

With respect to the former, many, owing to the heaviness of the road, and the great distance from town, were completely knocked up, and this great labor was incurred in vain. The same remark may be made as to pedestrians, the greater proportion of whom were thrown out. This was in some measure owing to a change in the hour for setting-to. The original time named was two o'clock; but this, with a view to the accommodation of the Dons; who were desirous of getting home to dinner, was altered to twelve. An alteration also took place in the ground: the first place named was Copthorp Common, but was changed for Crawley Downs. The situation was extremely appropriate on a rising ground; and, although the weather was unfavorable, the turf remained in excellent order. Hundreds laid down upon it, regardless of the damp state of the weather; health or catching of colds were not put into competition with the anxiety felt by the amateurs to see and be near to the fine tactics displayed by these renowned pugilists.

GRAND SCIENTIFIC MATCH BETWEEN RANDALL AND TURNER,

At Crawley Hurst, in Sussex, 32 miles from London, for 100 Guineas a side, on Saturday, December 5, 1818.

No pugilistic contest, since the days of Humphries and Mendoza—Tom Belcher and Dutch Sam—and Cribb and Molineaux, it appears, so animatedly excited the interest of the sporting world, as the above battle between Randall and Turner; in fact, many of the oldest Fanciers assert, that, in point of betting and staking, there is nothing like it upon record.

The ages of the men differ but little; Turner was born of Welch parents in London, November 2, 1791; and Randall, also in London, of Irish parents, November 25, 1791. The latter is in height 5 feet 6 inches; and Turner is also in height 5 feet 7 inches; their weight nearly alike. For weeks previous to the fight, the sporting houses were crowded every evening and upon the day being finally settled, the interest increased rapidly. The toddlers had no chance to reach the place of action, and even spare Rosinantes, hacks, and ragged drags, were not to be seen upon the road; it was a bang-up set out altogether. Great numbers of the female sex viewed the fight. At a quarter before one o'clock Randall appeared in the ring and threw up his hat, attended by his seconds, Tom Oliver and Whele, greated with loud cheers; and in a few minutes afterwards Turner threw up his hat in turn; and Owen and Richmond waited upon him, amidst the loudest acclamations from the populace. Twelve to eight upon Randall.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. It is impossible to describe the anxiety impressed upon the countenances of the amateurs on the combatants shaking hands. The attitudes of both the men were interesting to the admirers of pugilism, and neither of them seemed wanting in condition. They eyed each other with all the acute precision of fencing masters; and seemed positively to look into each other's hearts. It was dodging, dodging, and dodging again; and five minutes had elapsed before a blow had been made, touching the toes of each other all the time. (The Champion of England here roared out, who was employed in beating out the ring, "What! five minutes and no blow?") At length, after some feints, Turner hit first; when the prime Irish boy laughed and got away. The latter, however, was not long in making a return, and he gave Turner a jawer and a ribber, but not heavily. More feints and dodging, Turner hit short with his right hand, when Randall rushed in and went to work. He tried to fib his opponent upon his old favorite system, and a severe struggle took place for the throw. Both down, but Turner undermost. Great shouting from the partizans on both sides.

2. The same caution was manifest on both sides on commencing this round, and long sparring again occurred. Randall gave a bellite and got away; he was not long in repeating it, and adding a facer. Long sparring. Turner endeavored to give a tremendous hit with his left hand, but Jack was leary, and jump back two yards. Very long sparring; in fact, it appeared so tedious to those who were only fond of downright milling, that many persons called out, "When shall we get home?" Turner, with much dexterity, put in a good hit between Randall's guard. (Great applause—"Go it, Neddy.") The latter gave two facers; and plunged his way to work. The finish of this round was truly severe, fibbing and struggling till both went down. Twenty minutes had elapsed.

3. The mouth of Turner seemed to show some tinge of the claret, but there was doubt about it. He, however, appeared to breathe very quickly, and rather distressed. The tactics of both the men were really of the first order of science; and it was viewed as astonishing by most of the old amateurs; in fact, it was expressed as "beautiful." Indeed, both of the men were so well prepared, that if the slightest mistake was made, it was not overlooked; and this may account for the extreme caution on both sides. Randall had never had anything like such a customer to deal with before; and Turner had no boree-in to beat off hand. This round took thirteen minutes, and the pauses were so unusually long, that some of the jokers advised Tom Owen to have a pipe. Cribb wished for his night-cap, and talked of pepper. Old Caleb advised them to go to work, and hit each other's nobs off! After numerous feints, the round was finished well: Turner undermost, and Randall fell over him rather awkwardly upon his neck. 25 to 10 was offered on the latter.

4. From the style of fighting displayed by both of the combatants, it was evident it must prove a long fight. Both anxious, and on the look-out not to give half a chance away. Randall put in two body blows. Turner's left hand also told on his opponent's mouth. The hitting and stopping on both sides was masterly. Turner's nose was now bleeding copiously, and Randall's face was pinked. Both down. (Shouts of applause.)

5. In this round Randall took the lead; he fibbed his opponent severely, and then fell upon him heavily in going down. "Well done, Jack; that's the way to win it."

6. To attempt to describe minutely the feints, the pauses, dodgings, &c., would fill a volume; and therefore we must confine ourselves to an explicit but short epitome. Randall spit some blood out of his mouth, when Turner's left hand caught his opponent's nose, and the claret ran down into his mouth. (Owen vociferated, "I have Turner for £100," and "Bravo, Neddy.") A very long pause ensued, and it almost seemed that neither of the combatants wished to make a hit, so much caution was used. Fifty minutes had elapsed. Turner made a tremendous hit with his left hand, but Randall stopped its effect with fine skill. An exchange of blows. Turner aimed to do something with his right and left hands, but the blows were slight. Randall got away, sucking up his blood, which appeared rather troublesome to him, from his nose. Trifling exchanges. Turner seemed tired, and put down his hands, but they were soon up again, on Randall's offering to hit. Turner threw two blows away, when Randall put in a severe body blow. Another long pause. Randall now put down his hands, just for a moment's ease, when Turner ran in not to lose an opportunity, but Randall laughed, and was prepared for him in an instant. Long pause. Several feints, but no hitting. (Owen called out for a chair, that he might sit down, to view these scientific men.) Randall put in a heavy blow in the body, but got a sharp header in return. The Nonpareil seemed to be changing his mode of attack, and trying all for the body. (Loud cries of "go to work," from all parts of the ring.) Turner stopped a heavy hit. The latter was nearly at the ropes, when the spectators cried out, "That's not fair, Jack, to get him into a corner." Turner, however, hit Randall on the head, and he also endeavored again to use his left hand with success, but Randall stopped him. Some fine science was again displayed; and in struggling for the throw Randall was undermost. Turner was now bleeding copiously, and the claret was also running down from Randall's nose. A great burst of applause at the close of this long round; and "Well done both," from all parts of the ring.

7. This was a tremendous round; and Turner seemed much distressed in coming to the scratch. After a few exchanges, Randall closed and went sharply to work on the weaving system, till they both went down.

8. This was also a fighting round, and Turner's left hand got into his opponent's face; but Randall, in turn, put in a sharp bodier. In closing, Turner was thrown.

9. When time was called, Turner was about to commence play on Randall's side of the ring, when the latter said, "Keep your own side." This was a gallant round, and both fibbed each other in turn. In going down, Randall had the best of the fall.

10. This round was full of science, the hitting and stopping on both sides were of the finest order of the art. Turner complained that Randall had trod heavily upon his toe, and said, "Do you call that fair, Jack?" Randall, in reply, answered, "I did not." In struggling for the throw, Turner threw Randall over him. "Bravo, Neddy, that's the time of day. There's a tan-yard for you, and the Bermondsey boys will fit it for you," says Owen.

11. The best judges were still between hopes and fears upon the subject. Randall seemed to have the best of it; but the goodness of Turner was so well known, that he did not even want for backers. Randall got Turner into the sun, and put in a tremendous hit on his left eye, that made him wink again. He, however, recovered himself, and gave his opponent a severe one in the bread basket. In going down, Turner received a hit, which Owen said was foul, and called out to the umpires respecting it; but no notice was taken by the umpires, and it went off.

12. Turner hit his opponent right and left; but they did not appear heavy enough to alter the position of Randall or reduce his strength. However, it was a most desperate round, 7 to 4 on Randall. Both down, and hard milling.

13. Randall put in a desperate sporter, that sent his nob back, and the claret followed in torrents; he repeated it, and Turner went down. Randall had now got upon the head-work, and left pinking at the body. This was the first knock-down blow, and great shouting followed it.

14. It was really astonishing to witness the coolness with which Turner came up to the scratch after the tremendous punishment he had received in the last round. He also hit out right and left, and some severe exchanges occurred between them. In closing, Turner fibbed Randall with some effect, but the former went down. Randall for £100. The Patlanders all as gay as if Paddy Courtenay had been playing his pipes to them. "By de Powers, Jack can't lose it; but yet Turner is a fine fellow."

15. A very sharp round. Good fighting on both sides. In closing, Turner got Randall down, and also undermost.

16. A considerable pause before a blow was made. Turner, at length, let fly with his left hand on the body; but Randall put in so heavy a blow in Turner's mouth as nearly to dislodge his ivory, and the claret flowed profusely. In closing, Turner fibbed his opponent, but he fell down rather weak.

17. In this round, in struggling for the throw, Turner threw Randall out of the ring, and stood up, leaning over the ropes. "Bravo?" and great applause.

18. This round was the most ruffianing during the battle. Turner tried to use his left hand desperately, but was stopped. Randall rushed in to finish his man in style, but he missed his object. At length they both got into work, till Turner went down exhausted.

19. In this round Turner put in a sharp bodier, when Owen said, "Good, my boy, every little one helps;" when Randall's old forte broke out with fresh energy—in closing, he peppered the face of his opponent, like a footman's stylish knock at a door—it was ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto, till Turner went down covered with blood. One hour and thirty-five minutes.

20. Turner, however, came to his time undismayed, and hit left and right, which Randall not only stopped, but again planted a severe facer, that brought forth the claret in torrents. In closing, both down.

21. Turner hit with with his left hand on Randall's nose; and he also went down from the force of his own blow. Randall seemed a little exhausted from the work he had to perform, and was also bleeding at the mouth. In fact, this blow seemed to have had more effect than any he had received during the fight.

22. Randall ran Turner down, after an exchange of a few blows.

23. Fibbing, and Turner a bad fall. The latter appeared getting weak; but still full of courage.

24. Turner, however, came first to the scratch, with undiminished confidence, and put in a smart right-handed hit on Randall's mug. "That's it," said Owen; "you know how to do it; go it again!" In the struggle, Turner also surprised the spectators with the strength that he possessed, in throwing Randall with great violence. "Bravo, Turner—you are not beat yet!") two hours had now elapsed.

25. Turner astonished the ring by his coming up so [illegible]; and some of the good judges did not know what to think [illegible] said; and that it was not altogether so safe as many might imagine. Randall planted a slight hit, and slipped down.

26. Turner was first at the scratch, and hit Randall right and left, but they were not heavy. Sparring—Randall gave a second knock-down blow. (Tumultuous applause. And some of the Paddies singing out for joy, "'Twas on a sweet May morning," &c.) Randall looked at his fallen foe, and stooped down, winking to his friends, as it were, that he thought it all right.

27. This was a well-fought round, and Turner put in some good hits. In going down, Randall was undermost. The water of life was here given to Randall. At this stage of the battle, upwards of two hours having elapsed, it was truly extraordinary to witness such exertions on both sides. Turner hit Randall right away from him; but the latter followed Turner up, till a terrible struggle took place in closing. Turner also stopped a severe blow aimed at him by Randall, and in return he planted a sharp hit on the Nonpareil's jaw.

28. Turner again nobbed his opponent with his left hand, but he was floored from a tremendous body hit. The Paddies now were outrageous in their shouting, and "It's all your own, Jack. Only one more such, and the battle is over." The Taffies now looked rather blue; and long faces were the order of the day amongst them.

29. Notwithstanding the heavy flooring hit Turner experienced in the last round, he came up to the scratch as cool as a cucumber. Turner also commenced fighting, and endeavored to do some execution with his left hand, but Randall stopped him. In a close, both down. Two hours and ten minutes had expired.

30. Turner left the knee of his second first, and quite satisfied the ring, that the fight was not out of him. He made some good exchanges, till both went down.

31. The face of Turner was dreadful—it was one mass of claret—but his eyes were open, and he fought as cool as if he had only commenced the fight. "Take him away—he's too game," was the cry. "He's an ancient Briton," says Tom Owen: "we won't lose it; he's only got a scratch upon his face." "He's an honor to his country," exclaimed a gallant Irish Colonel. "And here's the tight little Irish boy," observed Tom Oliver—"Both Nonpareil's," from all parts of the ring. Turner was again floored from a severe hit in the body. In this round a circumstance occurred, which might have proved the overthrow of Randall, if it had not been prevented. Baxter offered to bet £5 upon Turner; when Oliver warmly observed, that he would lay him £10 to £5 three times over, and was leaving his man to come and stake; but he was called upon by Randall's patron not to quit him for an instant. Jem Belcher lost the fight with Cribb, in consequence of his second staking the money, thus giving time for Cribb to recover his wind.

32. The brave Turner, undismayed, again met his man; but went down from a blow. While on his second's knee, he was advised to give in; but his manly heart would not suffer him to say No; his tongue refused its utterance.

33. The state of Turner now appeared so piteous, and his bravery so much the praise of the spectators, that several persons cried out—"Do not let him fight any more." "Don't say that, gentlemen," replied Owen; "he is worth twenty beaten men!" Turner, however, went down from a facer.

34 and last. The admiration of all the persons present was expressed in viewing Turner again come to the scratch; and although in a state of exhaustion, yet tight, cool, collected, and as game as a pebble. After some other hits, a blow on the left side of Turner's head floored him, that he could not come to time. Two hours, nineteen minutes, and thirty seconds, had elapsed.

The first act of Randall, on being pronounced the victor, was to push the crowd away from him, and to clasp the hand of his fallen brave foe, with much zeal and friendship; while Turner, nobly disdaining animosity, gently patted the prime Irish boy on his back, in token that he was the best man, and had won the battle nobly and in gallant style. The amateurs applauded both of them, and pronounced them the two best Bits of Stuff, of their weight, in this country.

Turner, on being repeatedly urged to give it in, indignantly spurned such advice, asserting, that he could yet win the battle. His brother (Mr. Baxter) at length insisted that he should fight no longer, which put an end to the contest. On victory being declared in favor of Randall, Turner was immediately carried from the ground, by Sutton, in a very distressed state, to a neighboring farm-house, put to bed, and every attention and assistance administered to his wants that humanity could suggest. It is well known that heavy as the blows were, added to the extremity of pain he must have felt from the severity of punishment he had received, were "trifles light as air," in comparison to the anguish of defeat. He was very ill, but complained most of the body blows. Randall, in the course of the Saturday evening, arrived in town, anxious to meet his better-half and son; the latter was about two years old.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HORSE AND HIS DRIVER.

AN EVERY-DAY SCENE IN NEW YORK.

First Citizen.—Give him a drink, Mike.
Second Citizen.—It's more like something to ate the baste wants.

THE LAMENTATIONS OF JOHN GREEN, STABLE-KEEPER.

AN AFFECTING LAY FOR THE HARD TIMES.

Come all, whose bosom pity feels,
My hard condition see,
And since I *cannot pay my bills*,
Give credit unto me.

My *warrant many a mare has sold*,
At mart and country fair;
But now I suffer you behold,
By *warrant from the Mayor*.

In vain, his patience to implore,
I pleaded my distress;
I could not pay one *penny more*,
For I was *penny less*.

Too late, alas! I now began,
My errors to amend,
And found that ev'ry *stable-man*,
Is not a *stable friend*.

I once had stores of *hay and corn*,
And days of plenty saw;
But now, expos'd to public scorn,
I am a *man of straw*.

They only know, whom Fortune's frown
Compels to drink the cup,
How much a man is *taken down*
By being *taken up*.

The cheapest comforts are forbid;
And tho' it sounds so odd,
My lips have scarcely chew'd a *quid*
Since I have been in *quod*.

The spicy bowl, and flowing can,
I now must never touch,
Though near the spot where many a man
Has had a *Drop too much*.

By day and night to endless cares
My beauty is a prey;
My hair is "white, though not with years,"
And *Green* is chang'd to *grey*.

For though to right or left at will
The *bridled* horse is led,
A *Bridewell* is more certain still
To *turn a human head*.

Ye duns, have done! nor thus upbraid;
My *bonds* I mean to burst:
I'll "pay you off"—that's when I've paid,
The *debt of Nature* first!

PIE-BITING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

A NOVEL WAGER.—GAMBLING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The late gambling act has driven the "sports" of California to strange shifts for a "raise." One of the traveling sort, says the Calaveres Chronicle, passed through Moquelamme Hill the other day, on his way south in a high state of disgust with his luckless fortunes in the north. It seems that being a sport professionally, and driven by law from winning games at cards, his genius invented a new game exactly adapted to his organization, evasive of the act, and recoguized in his vernacular as "pie-biting." Endowed with powerful jaws and a model "hog mouth," with four teeth that would gnaw a passage from the inside of a pumpkin, he laid a wager of $700 that he could bite, at a single dash, through eleven pies; but the tricky scamps wrung in whole apples on him, and his grip gave in towards the center of the pile. As a "dead thing," he then staked $300 that he could bite through nine pies, barring tough crusts and whole apples. This time his adversary slipped four tin plates in the middle of the pile, and he struck again and lost his bet. Grown desperate at the ill turn of his luck, he borrowed $100 and staked it, that he could bisect a forty pound pumpkin through an ordinary fence. This was his last trick; and as he performed the feat, he felt sure of a raise. He was non-plussed. They took him to a brush fence made of brambles and crabtree, and he weakened. The last we saw of "sport," he was d——ng his "pie-biting," and the north generally.